

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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Chronicle

Home News.—The three-Power conference on naval disarmament in Geneva apparently aroused more interest in the United States than anywhere else. This was partly due to the fact that the meeting is popularly known as "President Coolidge's meeting." Moreover, naval propagandists had succeeded fairly well in convincing the people of the United States that our interests had suffered severely as a result of the Washington Conference and there was a general fear that the present one would intensify our inferiority. This was not allayed by the reports of the first few days' meetings. An official note of optimism was stressed in news dispatches, but many expressed the fear that our delegates would find it impossible to meet British and Japanese demands. The British proposal was chiefly opposed because it reopened the Washington agreement on cruiser tonnage and size of guns in such classes, the Japanese because it seemed to force us to remain at our present serious inferiority in cruiser tonnage. The proposal of our delegates to scrap some present tonnage was looked upon as merely a trading point, since previous comment had pointed out that we had nothing to bargain with, that is, nothing to give up. Official optimism was based principally on the fact that the preliminary proposals did not show an ever wider divergence

Disarmament Conference

and that they were not likely to make a compromise impossible.

The return of Gen. Wood from the Philippines centered attention on those islands. It was authoritatively announced that Gen. Wood intended to resign because of ill health. It was, however, known that the policy of the President was to withdraw the administration of the Islands from the army and establish a civil government. It was expected that Col. Carmi Thompson, who recently visited the islands, would be Gen. Wood's successor. Another point in the President's policy, it was brought out, was that he would resist all movements looking towards independence and in every way seek to avoid that issue. The principal achievement of Gen. Wood's administration was the rehabilitation of the financial system and the curbing of irresponsible political activity. In his first statement after arriving in the country, Gen. Wood announced that the Filipinos are peaceful, prosperous and happy, with a large balance in the Treasury and a heavy favorable trade balance. He minimized the Red influence and stated that labor was satisfied. On the economic side, he predicted large amounts of money for the rubber industry and a great advance in sugar.

Flood Control On June 19, Secretary Hoover made an important announcement on the rehabilitation of the flooded Mississippi district. Sanitation was pronounced to be the

most important problem and he set thirty days as the limit in achieving success. Mosquitoes and the malarial menace had assumed large proportions. The next immediate task was the replacement on farms and in industry of the 600,000 destitute victims. The agricultural problem in Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana, where 11,500,000 acres were under water, was the third problem and that done, Mr. Hoover's commission would be completed. It was also announced that the Red Cross Relief Fund had reached the figure of \$15,500,000, about half a million short of the amount needed.

Austria.—The tariff barriers of the various States to which Austrian manufactured goods might be sent continued to make industrial development impossible. To

The Planetarium create a market the country must attract foreigners to visit it and so make their purchases. That in particular was the reason for creating the Vienna and Viennese Exhibit.

Visitors are there shown the gradual evolution of the city from its earliest history. The most remarkable feature is the Planetarium, a circular wooden hall covered by a cupola. As the lecture which is given here proceeds, the light gradually fades away as at nightfall. The stars shine out above as on a clear winter's night. The firmament changes as the different seasons come under discussion. The planets run their course and the sun, too, is seen to rise and pass through its circuit. The effect is produced by a complicated mechanism that casts its light on the cupola. A luminous arrow in the sky points out whatever star or constellation the lecturer wishes to mention.

China.—Comparative quiet in the military campaign of the Southerners was reported, though some little advance was noted in their northward march. The most

Northerners Consolidate important development in the internal situation was the publication of a mandate giving to Marshal Chang Tso-lin, the dominating Peking war-lord, full civil, military and naval power "for organizing the Military Government of the Chinese Republic." Created Generalissimo of the Army and Navy, he became supreme in the Republic. This assumption of what is practically a dictatorship was made because the Northerners wished to pool their armies in order to strengthen their resistance against Chiang as he advanced in Shantung. Though not President, as that is an electoral office and no Parliament existed to do the voting, Chang Tso-lin by this new move became equivalently Chief Executive of the Republic, and at once announced the formation of a new Cabinet. Much ceremony and booming of guns accompanied his installation into his new office.

France.—By a clever piece of manipulation, the Communists scored a triumph over the Government on the question of the investigation of the activities of

Communists Activities Investigated Vail-lant-Couturier and Doriot, accused of carrying on treasonable propaganda. At the beginning of the present session, the Deputies were asked by the Government to designate a committee of eleven to investigate the reported activities. The result of the investigation was a complete surprise. Five members of the committee showed themselves opposed to the investigation, two hesitated, and the rest were unwilling to take any very positive action. Bitter comments on the situation and reproaches against the Chamber of Deputies were uttered by the Nationalist French press.

On June 16, Premier Poincaré was obliged to ask for a vote of confidence from the Chamber, with regard to his program of economy in connection with the Courts of Justice. The vote, however, was favorable,

Position of the Premier 327 to 200. The announcement by M. Barthou, the Minister of Justice, that the Communist Doriot would be arrested the moment he returned to the country, was met with an uproar, and

a protest of legal technicalities from the Communists. In view of these objections, the arrest of Doriot was withheld until the matter could be more fully debated. On June 19, the Premier aroused considerable comment by his speech at Lunéville in denunciation of Germany. This was particularly embarrassing in view of M. Briand's illness, and the endeavors made to reach an adjustment with Germany in consequence of the Locarno treaty.

Germany.—Great disappointment was felt in some quarters over the failure of Stresemann to obtain any concessions at the Geneva conference which ended recently.

Disappointment Over Geneva Conferences The Nationalists, who have not favored the League of Nations or the Locarno treaties, were strengthened considerably as a consequence, and even the papers that anxiously desired to place the best construction upon the treatment accorded to Germany could not find any argument to defend the recent conference. The sentiment expressed in the leading journals was that Germany had now reached the end of her patience in waiting for reduction of the Rhineland occupation and for general disarmament, after the Reich itself had fulfilled its part of the agreement. In the same way it was felt that Germany alone was seriously trying to carry out the desires of the World Economic Conference regarding the need of breaking down the high tariff walls which still surrounded the European nations. The German Cabinet met without delay to consider new tariff measures. "We are determined to reduce import duties with few exceptions," said Dr. Curtius, Minister of Commerce, "because we are convinced that Europe's fate will be that of Germany, and that economic depression can be overcome only if hyper-protection policies are dropped and the countries return to free economic competition." The solutions proposed by the Minister of Commerce were: first, action by the League to reduce all duties; second, commercial treaties of long duration between the nations; third, voluntary reduction of tariffs by individual States. "Germany is determined to work faithfully in all three directions," the Minister of Commerce avowed.

The liquor question came up for discussion in the Reichstag. The United States was pointed out as a sad example of the failure of bone-dry Prohibition. Norway

The Drink Question also had found a revision of its statutes necessary and had given up its prohibition system. Other methods were to be found which did not destroy respect for law. The restrictions proposed by the Government were variously criticized and the bill on this subject was finally referred to the Economic Committee. It was recognized that some restrictive measures will be necessary, but they must be within reason. Particular efforts will be made to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquor to minors.

Ireland.—On June 23, two weeks after the General Election, the Fifth Dail was convened at Leinster House.

The constitutional procedure was seriously disturbed by the fact that the Fianna Fail deputies, **Opening of the Dail** led by Eamon De Valera, demanded that, as duly elected representatives of the people, they should be admitted to the Dail but without taking the customary oath. No opposition was offered to their entry into Leinster House. A well-founded legal opinion stated that Deputies who refused the oath could not be lawfully excluded before the Dail was duly constituted and the Speaker elected. On the other hand, it had been asserted that such Deputies could not constitutionally be admitted to the Dail chambers and participate in the formation of the Dail and the election of the Speaker upon their refusal to accept the oath. While this deadlock was demanding a solution in the Parliamentary House, Dublin was deeply stirred by the proceedings without. The Fianna Fail had arranged to hold demonstrations in connection with the assembly of the Dail, and the Government, on its part, had issued orders to the police and the military to be prepared for any emergencies.

While the Fianna Fail delegates lingered without, the other Deputies proceeded with business according to the ordinary routine. William T. Cosgrave was proposed for **Cosgrave Elected President** the Presidency of the Executive Council. He immediately intervened and stated that since the minority parties had all attacked his Government, he offered them the opportunity of forming a Coalition Cabinet. He asserted that he would accept the responsibility of forming a Government only on his own terms. He was re-elected by a vote of 68 to 22, the Laborites being in the opposition.

Italy.—As a sign of displeasure with the frequent opposition expressed to the Fascist regime in Italy by M. Vandervelde, the Belgian Foreign Minister, the Italian **Recall of Ambassador to Belgium** Ministry of Foreign-Affairs, on June 21, recalled the Italian Ambassador to Brussels, Marquis Negrotto di Cambiaso, stating that he would not be replaced for the present. M. Vandervelde in several recent public utterances attacked Mussolini personally, and the Fascist regime in general.

An immense ovation was given to Colonel Francesco de Pinedo, who arrived safely at Ostia, at the mouth of the River Tiber, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon of June 16, **Arrival of De Pinedo** after an aerial voyage of 25,000 miles, which twice carried him across the Atlantic and over some of the wildest unexplored regions of the world in South America. Premier Mussolini was the first to shake his hand as he landed on Italian soil, and his example was followed by Cardinal Vannutelli, Dean of the College of Cardinals.

Mexico.—An important dispatch in the New York Times for June 19, disclosed the fact that serious fear exists in Central America that the present radical government of Mexico will attain political domination over those countries. Of course, the clear demonstration of Ameri-

can policy as given in the settlement of the Nicaraguan affair was not without its effect. Guatemala, however, was considered to be in even greater serious danger because of historic ties and proximity. The religious question also was stated to have great bearing on the people there, and possibly the greatest. Probably the real danger was the hatred of the "Colossus of the North," and the superior political ability of the liberals.

An incident occurred, on June 20, which may result in serious difficulties with the American Government. The Department of Industry, Commerce and Labor under **Oil Fines** Morones fined the Mexican Gulf Company 40,000 pesos and the American International Fuel 20,000 pesos for having drilled three wells without authorization from the Department. The significance of the oil companies' defiance of Mexican regulations lies in the fact that Secretary Mellon has large interests in the Mexican Gulf Company. In Chihuahua three mines reduced or suspended work because of high taxation and low prices. The mining industry was stated to be in a desperate plight. This situation was reflected in all parts of the country. Though sporadic outbreaks occurred regularly with varying success, a note of hopeless desperation was clearly apparent; and all this was not in any way lightened by the news that, on June 20, the Anti-reelectionists had met and nominated General Arnulfo Gomez, incorrectly reported by the New York Times as an "excellent Catholic."

Poland.—The Government refused to give any serious attention to Moscow's second note following the Voikov murder. It was looked upon as mere bravado for internal effect in Russia. No one **Advice to Moscow** fears that there will be a war with the Soviets at this time. The instructions sent by Marshal Pilsudski to M. Patek, the Polish Minister at Moscow, are said to have been a plain statement that it was impossible for Poland to take Moscow seriously. "If you attempt to humble Poland without reason," is said to have been the substance of the Marshal's message, to be delivered to the Soviet Government, "you only incur the risk of humbling yourself, since you have not sufficient force behind your threats. That you know as well as we do." Stating further that Poland had done everything within reason to give satisfaction, the Marshal courteously advised the Government to "let the matter drop, because if regrettable incidents follow you alone will be responsible." Such was the report of Henry de Korab after investigating the entire situation for the Paris *Matin*.

Geneva.—The opening session of the Conference for the Limitation of Naval Armaments by the delegates of the United States, Great Britain and Japan, was called to order by Ambassador Gibson on June 20. A surprise was sprung at once by the proposals of the Chairman of the British Delegation, W. C. Bridgeman, First Lord of the

Admiralty, which were based, as he declared, on the insular position of Great Britain, dependent for raw materials, food and her very existence on the free passage of the seas. This made their position unique, and made discussion of naval disarmament more difficult than for any other Power. The American reaction to the British proposals was that in their projected scheme the British were relying on two main factors of national defense: their extensive system of naval bases, encircling the world, and the possibility, if the size and armament of cruisers could be limited to 7,500 tons and six-inch guns, of building up an armed merchant-marine.

The American proposals were based on the need of large cruisers for the long distances which they would be obliged to cover in the event of hostilities, since the United States is deprived of the naval base advantages enjoyed by England. The attitude of Japan, although expressed in involved wording and with great caution, was regarded as approaching that of the United States. But at the date of writing little chance of anything but a deadlock was expected until the Technical Committee, on which the United States was represented by Admiral Schofield, should have been able to examine into the details and the implications of the proposals.

The proposals of the three Powers may be summarized as follows. The United States looked to the application of the Washington 5-5-3 ratio with regard to further naval limitation. Cruisers and destroyers,

Scheme of U. S. Proposals for Great Britain and the United States: 250,000 to 300,000 tons; for Japan: 120,000 to 150,000 tons. Submarines, for the United States and Great Britain: 60,000 to 90,000 tons; for Japan: 36,000 to 54,000 tons. An age limit is set for replacement of above-mentioned classes, respectively, 20, 15-17 and 12-13 years.

The British proposed acceptance of the existing ratio of 5-5-3 for cruisers of 10,000 displacement carrying 8-inch guns, all future cruisers to be limited to 7,500 tons

British Proposals and 6-inch guns, after deciding the number of the previous type. Destroyer leaders: 1,750 tons; destroyers, 1,400 tons. Fleet submines: 1,600 and small submarines 600 tons, both with 5-inch guns. Other suggestions were: reduction in battle-ship tonnage, in size of guns, and in tonnage and armament of air-craft carriers; extension of the life of existing capital ships from 20 to 26 years, and a waiver of the replacement tables agreed upon at Washington.

Admiral Saito, representing Japan, was silent on tonnage of cruisers, destroyers and submarines, and proposed that the Powers should not adopt any new building

Japanese Proposals programs during a specified period, to be agreed upon. With certain exceptions, tonnage was to be determined by considering the existing status of each nation. Regulations should be made to govern replacement construction in

order to avoid sudden displacements of naval strength and to equalize annual construction.

Rome.—Two new Cardinals were created by Pope Pius XI at the secret Consistory of June 20. They were Msgr. Van Roey, Archbishop of Malines, and successor

New Cardinals Created, and Allocution to Cardinal Mercier, and Msgr. Hlonda, Archbishop of Poznan, in Poland. Msgr. Emmet M. Walsh, of Atlanta, Georgia, was appointed Bishop of Charleston, S. C., and the appointment of several new Archbishops and Bishops confirmed. A serious warning was given by the Holy Father against disloyalty to the Holy See, and subversive doctrines were pointed out as the cause of the present trouble in Mexico and China.

Rumania.—The Stirbey Ministry, which was hailed early in June as the forerunner of political peace in the country, was forced on June 21, to tender its resignation.

Stirbey Ministry Out Its defeat was attributed to the refusal of the Peasant party to cooperate with it in the coming elections. Although

Prince Stirbey on resigning suggested to King Ferdinand the temporary appointment of a non-political Cabinet, the King invited former Premier Jon Bratiano to form a Government at least until the coming elections. The latter was reported to have informed the King that he would present a Cabinet made up of members of the Liberal party to carry on the election campaign alone. At the same time the Peasant-party leaders announced that they would make a separate campaign in the elections. The resignation of Prince Stirbey was interpreted as another indication of the Bratiano power over the kingdom. It will be recalled that M. Bratiano and the Prince are brothers-in-law.

Russia.—Another victim of the repressive measures adopted by the Soviet against counter-revolutionaries was reported on June 18 from Moscow. Sergius Mameff, a

Repression Policy former officer of the Kolchak forces, was accused of killing twenty-six Communists and was condemned to death by the Krasnoyarsk Court. His appeal for clemency was not sustained.

On July 9, the picturesque little city of Luxemburg will be the scene of an international gathering of men who fought in the Great War. Next week, the story of Luxemburg will be told by the well-known historian, A. Hilliard Atteridge.

The concluding article in the series on "The Tragedy of Mexico" will be entitled "What of the Future?"

Other interesting features will be "On Walking in Procession," by Ronald Knox; "Petrarch's Vaucluse," by Brother Leo; and "Patricia Puts on Her Hat," by Grace H. Sherwood.

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The Fourth of July

WHEN we who are now in the flourishing 'forties, the failing 'fifties or the senile 'sixties were barefooted boys, it was the custom to celebrate the Fourth of July by making as much noise as was humanly possible. Any instrument or object capable of assailing the ear of man was welcomed. By preference, however, anything that originated in gunpowder was favored. It supplied color as well as noise, and was rich in an element of danger.

Our elders observed the day by wondering what made the family doctor so slow in coming, and by wishing for a revision of the Gregorian Calendar which would omit the Fourth of July. But if all went well, they attended a town meeting where with uncovered heads they listened to the reading of the Declaration of Independence. After this local and imported orators made the tried welkin ring and ring again with denunciations of British tyranny.

Today the police and the American Medical Association have all but banished the drum, the fire-cracker and shot-gun. The public meeting, too, is almost extinct, but it still lingers in New York, and in some of the smaller communities, such as Dobbs Ferry and Pineville. Yet even where it survives, the tone and spirit have changed. Sometimes it ends with the conclusion that Great Britain was not so much in the wrong after all; a most melancholy conclusion. Sometimes it ends in protestations of a loyalty to the civil authority that is absolutely at odds with the philosophy of the Declaration of Independence; a conclusion far more melancholy.

For one reading suffices to disclose the purpose of this famous Fourth of July State Paper. The Signers were

not so much concerned to vindicate the rights of the civil authority as to protest that every man had rights which no Government might invade. Their emphasis was not laid upon the services which the Government might justly claim from the citizen, but upon his rights which no Government might invade. "All men," wrote Jefferson, "are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights." Governments were formed among men to protect these rights. When they failed to fulfill this purpose, they were to be altered or abolished. The conclusion is logical; it is also just.

The point of importance to us at the present day is the doctrine of man's natural rights enunciated by the Declaration.

The Declaration is, on the whole, an admirably balanced instrument. If it stresses the rights of the citizen, it also points out the sources of the rights of the Government. The Signers were not antinomians; so far removed were they from this doctrine that they wrote and acted in the name of law, but of law conceived as a dictate of reason, promulgated for the common good by properly constituted authority. Because they realized that law, in its complete ambit, included the rights bestowed upon man by his Maker, they knew that here they could stand firmly upon solid ground.

Today, the danger that the Government in the United States is about to become too cramped, too restricted, is indeed small. All the peril lies the other way. It is becoming too extended. By unthinking grant or by quiet indirection, the Federal Government is assuming functions for which it is not qualified and for which no Constitutional authorization can be cited. In a lesser degree, some State Governments have usurped or attempted to usurp activities, not warranted by their Constitutions, or by the spirit of our institutions.

It is not difficult to find the cause of these undue extensions of authority. For many years, our law schools and our colleges have been teaching doctrines which, brought to their logical conclusion, make the civil power the source of all rights and the sanction of every duty. The citizen, so runs this theory, has no natural rights, but at best, only concessions made by the State. Hence the State may and should control education. It may dictate what school the child shall attend and for how long and the avocations in which he may engage. For the child of today is the citizen of tomorrow, and it is within the competence of the State to control the influences to which he is subjected. Man exists for the State, not the State for man.

The whole theory, tracing back in large degree to Hegel, is totally at variance with the doctrine of man's natural rights, as asserted by the Declaration. Our fathers held that every man had certain rights which did not come from the State and which the State could not destroy, and they believed that the State which attempted their destruction should be altered or abolished. Today we do not need either to alter or abolish our form of Government, but to return to it.

Ireland's New Crisis

NO clear mandate was given by the Irish people to any political group at the General Election held on June 9. As a result, the Fifth Dail which met on June 23 was faced by a situation as serious and as critical as any that has yet tried the faith of the Irish people since the resurgence of nationalism in the past twelve years. The Ministerialists, led by President Cosgrave, secured the greatest number of seats at the election. But their opponents of all parties outnumber them by two to one, and their opponents among those who accept the present status of the Free State in the Commonwealth of Nations command a majority of nine. Of itself, therefore, President Cosgrave's party cannot carry on the Government. It has refused to form a coalition Cabinet with any of the minor parties since it will not brook hindrance in the continuance of the program that it inaugurated and partly carried through in the last Dail. The minor parties, Labor, the Farmers, the Nationalists and the Independents, would seek to modify the Ministerialist program considerably, if their stand on these policies may be judged from the campaign speeches in which their criticism of the Government was bitter and sustained.

As Mr. Cosgrave has no indisputable mandate from the people, neither has Mr. De Valera. His Fianna Fail has secured a few less seats than have the Ministerialists. Taking the elected Deputies to the Dail as a whole, his parliamentary position is far weaker than that even of the minor parties, for on a question of the Treaty and the Constitution he would be opposed by the combined vote of the Ministerialists and all the minor parties in the Dail.

However one regards it, the political situation in the Irish Free State is not only perplexing but even chaotic. Two major issues that affect the future of the nation are now at stake. Though both of these issues are vital, one is fundamental to the other. The first of these is the matter of the Oath. This is not a new issue, but it has been given a new impetus. It was paramount in the Anglo-Irish conferences prior to the Treaty, it was debated in words by the deputies in the Dail of 1921-22 and in violence during the Civil War that followed, and now six years later it has become once more the pivotal point on which the history of the nation turns.

Apart from whatever settlement may be made on the question of the Oath, another major issue is before the present Dail. It is that of the rejection, the hindrance of, or the acceptance of the program of development which the Free State Government has been following since 1923. In many respects this program is still in the experimental, and even in the projected, stage. Certain progress has been made, but success as a whole depends on a stable and efficient Government to carry it through. Even though Mr. De Valera and his associates do not take part in the proceedings of the Dail, the Government must be seriously hampered in its efforts by the fact that it cannot command a majority of the Dail members.

Southern Ireland is a little country with large prob-

lems. These problems are insistent for a solution. The solution must be immediate. Whatever this solution may be, it must be reached by votes and in accordance with the will of the majority of the people. The solution by violence and by bloodshed must be avoided, for Ireland has already shed too much precious blood in solving its problems.

Student Freedom

THE question of "student freedom" is now a recognized part of our Commencement programs. What, after all, is it really all about? If it is a question of mere license, then it can be laid to the door of religious and moral decay. But if anything more than that is involved, the agitation is a symptom of a real weakness in our American college system, a weakness which no amount of discipline, ingenuity or tact can overcome.

Dr. W. S. Learned, in the twentieth report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, has put his finger clearly on this weakness. It is simply that the American college student does not know where he is going. There is no definite goal, no evident purpose in the Arts course.

Where the purpose of the school is in plain sight, the question of student freedom does not arise. The boy at an aviation school, unless he is a trifler, will take a "bawling out" as a compliment, if he sees it is all in the day's work toward the coveted diploma. But if the A. B. is merely a social convention, the thinker, the student of purpose, is apt to rebel. Dr. Learned remarks:

In the American class-room, gloss over it as one will, the student labors not to educate himself but to satisfy a master who devises a series of obligations that may range from the impossibly difficult to the ridiculously easy, and that may have little to do with the current mental requirements of some or all of the class. Yet in every course a new set of these artificial obligations becomes perforce the immediately pressing concern of the student, who receives or is denied credit according to the measure of his success in discharging them....The modern college has no lack of aims, from the point of view of those who run it....What is lacking is an intellectual purpose that may confidently be offered to the student with the expectation that it will arouse him in such manner as a serious purpose moves an active mind in everyday life.

Dr. Learned contrasts with this the purposefulness of the French classroom, where "the professor endeavors clearly to envisage the goal toward which the student is already consciously pressing, and to give him that which in his judgment and experience will best aid in its attainment." The English boy, too, "at each of four successive stages...knows whither he is bound and what lies beyond."

To these comparisons Dr. Learned could have added another, that of the Catholic college where it follows the traditional lines of Catholic teaching. Towards the basic challenge of the student-freedom agitation, the American secular college, as it is now functioning, can give at the best but an uncertain answer. We Catholics have it in our power, by reason of our definite traditions, and

our adherence to a positive cultural program, in which intellectual are linked to moral aims, to hold up before the eyes of the undergraduate a goal as plain as that of any professional or technical school. Where we actually do that: where the aim of the Catholic college is made plain, and the teaching is coordinated to that aim, "student freedom" ceases to be a bogey.

Jane Wyclif of Louisville

AN indignant lady writes from Louisville, Kentucky, that she is not satisfied with the place of woman in the Catholic Church. The Church will not permit a woman to become a priest. She can only be a Nun, and a Nun must always stay in the house. "But by far the worst of all," she climaxes, "the Catholic Church commands wives to obey their husbands. Why should I? I dare say I am as good, morally, as he is. I am a university graduate while he did not even finish high school. I don't consider myself his inferior. Like myself, perhaps other women would like an explanation."

To clear the ground, it may be remarked that the prohibition and the decree here complained of, do not originate in ecclesiastical law. Each originates in the law of God. Guided by the Spirit of truth, always abiding in her, the Church has taught from the days of the Apostles that men alone are to be raised to the order of priesthood. There is nothing inherently incongruous in the idea of "woman" and "priesthood," and had He so wished Almighty God could have made woman eligible for Holy Orders. But as He did not so decree, that ends the matter, for He has not revealed the reason why He did not, and to try to discover it is to attempt to search Infinity.

The same may be said of the duty of wifely obedience. The ultimate reason why the wife is subject in certain matters to the husband is, simply, that God has so ordained it. St. Peter and St. Paul, in their Epistles, clearly state the duty of obedience, and set forth certain reasons, some founded in the nature of man, and others in the Divine decree, why the husband and not the wife is the head of the domestic group. But it should be noted that the Apostles also state the duty of the husband to love his wife, "as Christ loved the Church." There is, then, no question of a tyrannical over-lordship, but of a rule tempered by love and by all that love implies, to which the wife must yield.

It is clear that the lady from Louisville is suffering from an infusion of the errors of John Wyclif. She believes that jurisdiction is conferred by Almighty God as a reward of virtue. She need not obey her husband, she thinks, because morally she is as good as he is. But authority is not vested in the husband because of his moral superiority, but because he is the husband. A judge exercises jurisdiction not as plain John Smith, good or bad, but in virtue of powers conferred upon him as a public official. Whether he has been raised to the higher forms of contemplation, or violates all the Commandments, is

alike irrelevant. Neither John Smith, the sinner, nor John Smith, the saint, sits on the bench, but John Smith, the judge, who acts not in his own name, but in the name of the State, and, ultimately, in the name of the Divine Legislator.

In the same manner is the authority of the husband exercised. God might have so arranged matters that authority over the family would always be vested in its holiest member; but He has not so arranged. The head of the Holy Family was neither Our Divine Lord nor His sinless Mother, but St. Joseph, the least of them in sanctity. In Church and in State God has ordained that we should be subject to men who act in His Name. Wifely obedience, like all obedience, can never degrade, but always ennobles. For it is submission, not to man, but to Almighty God.

The Pope on Mexico

IN one of his periodical reviews of world affairs, Pope Pius XI, at a recent secret Consistory, spoke words which should be seriously pondered by publicists everywhere, including some Catholics who keep insisting that the troubous condition in Mexico is in no way due to that social poison which we call Bolshevism. He said:

This recrudescence of barbarism and of persecution of the Catholic Church, as we indicated at the beginning of our Pontificate, is the result of public and secret diffusion of theories subversive of all order. Such ideas penetrate like poison into the nations, especially when rulers do almost nothing to render them immune.

This poison the Pope sees as particularly active and virulent in Russia, Mexico and China. From his exalted position he is of all men probably the one best fitted to understand what is behind the disturbing symptoms of our times.

His warning is one that must be heeded, before it is too late. The pernicious philosophy which makes all rights subject to the state reaches its most logical concrete application in that system we for convenience designate by a word borrowed from Russia, where it first attained its most formidable development. It is not necessary that we be able to show actual personal influence of Russians, in Mexico or anywhere else, for us to know the thing when we see it. The aim is to weaken, or even to bring about the destruction of the institutions of the family, property and the Church. Sometimes the aim is cleverly veiled, as in the lectures and writings of many university professors, and in the columns of many "liberal" reviews. It is foolish for us to close our eyes to the danger, even in this country. The poison is working, and collapse in such a condition may come about quickly, even in the apparently most robust organisms. It is one of the glories of the Church in Mexico, "bleeding for the cause of religious liberty," as Pope Pius declared, that it is at present bearing the brunt of the fight against our civilization. History will record the disgrace of those who, because it is the Church which is suffering, rejoice at the triumph of the present regime in Mexico.

July the Fourth and Blessed Robert Bellarmine

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

BLESSED Robert Bellarmine will always be the great Catholic protagonist, in modern times, of the democratic principles later incorporated in the American Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776, a little more than a century and a half after his death. This thought was again forcibly brought home by the publication of Dr. John C. Rager's volume on "Democracy and Bellarmine."* This excellent summary and interpretation of the writings of the great Cardinal in defense of popular government, supplementing and following the fine work of Moorhouse F. X. Millar, S.J., should help to arouse renewed interest in his championship of democratic principles.

It is true that Blessed Robert Bellarmine would have been the last to claim for himself originality in a doctrine which was handed down to him as a Catholic heirloom. Suarez, his brilliant fellow-Jesuit, whose name will always be associated with that of Bellarmine, was no less valiant a defender of the same tenets of popular sovereignty. In fact Alfred O'Rahilly, after a laborious investigation which led him to search through the volumes of every accessible Catholic philosopher and theologian, from the thirteenth to the nineteenth century, came to the significant conclusion that: "52 writers prior to Suarez and 87 after him uphold the principle that government is based upon the consent of the governed; 65 do not discuss the subject at all, and only 7 Gallicans, of very doubtful orthodoxy, reject the principle" (*Irish Theological Quarterly*, Jan. 1921).

Yet it was Bellarmine who in the great battle royal, fought out in his time by the Church against the new Reformation theory of the Divine Right of Kings, quickly became the central figure. He was not content with refuting the fallacious doctrine, but vigorously carried the war into the enemy's country.

It is not my purpose to deny that democratic principles were also advanced by various Protestant writers at an early date. In many instances, however, personal interests were involved. When princes could be found willing to promote the cause of the Reformation a decided *volte face* was often sure to follow.

One thing is certain: the ideals of popular sovereignty, under whatever form of government, are a Catholic heritage. They can be traced through the Ages of Faith in the writings of the great exponents of Catholic thought. But, on the other hand, it must not be thought that the Reformers, with their loss of the Catholic Faith, could

* "Democracy and Bellarmine." By Rev. John C. Rager, S.T.D. Selbyville, Ind.: Qualityprint Inc.

at once forget and forego the entire store of Catholic traditions which still remains today the riches of whatever Christian civilization we possess.

This can best be illustrated in the social field. The Reformation here brought with it that fatal separation of economics from religion which was to be the reason for our social miseries through the subsequent centuries. Yet this did not take place at once in all its completeness. Tragic and pitiful as the immediate economic consequences of the Reformation were, the old Catholic teachings impressing upon men the important truth that economics must under all circumstances be squared with religious principles, could only gradually be obliterated. Far-reaching Catholic maxims, such as that of the just price, could not possibly be entirely relegated at once, much as they might be ignored in practice.

In the same way the new theory of the Divine Right of Kings, for which the Renaissance had prepared the way and which the Reformation perfected, could not but be offensive to all sane thought and healthy human instinct. Yet it was most serviceable in gaining the good will of princes as a powerful aid in the promotion of the Reformation. "Luther," as the "Cambridge Modern History" quite rightly states, "denied any limitation of political power either by Pope or people, nor can it be said that he showed any sympathy for representative institutions; he upheld the inalienable and divine authority of kings in order to hew down the upas tree of Rome" (Vol. VIII, p. 739).

In the theory of the Divine Right of Kings monarchy was considered a Divine institution. The crown, inherited by birth, could never be forfeited by any act. The power of kings came to them directly from God and not, as Bellarmine maintained, by the consent of the people as a political body. Hence kings were not held responsible to the people, but to God alone. All law was merely the expression of the royal will. To the king's own power there could be no legal limitation. God indeed must be obeyed rather than man, but in such a case the penalty imposed by the king must be patiently borne, for the principle of non-resistance was absolute under all royal usurpations. The ultimate formula was: "The king can do no wrong." All these points Dr. Rager duly emphasizes in depicting the abnormality of the new Caesarism.

Against this theory, which even Catholic sovereigns would naturally find very alluring just as Protestant economics came to appeal to Catholic capitalists, Robert Bellarmine put into play all the artillery of argumentation at his command, and theoretically at least demolished it

to its last foundations. He thus became the outstanding figure in the battle for that popular sovereignty which he desired to be applied to the monarchical forms of government then in existence. His influence can best be gauged by the opposition he aroused. In England Queen Elizabeth ordered that lectures be delivered against him at Cambridge. In Germany the Anti-Bellarmino College was opened in the year 1600. Special chairs to refute his writings were established in various places. King James I himself was constrained to take the quill in his own royal hand and indite two books in a vain effort to defend the tyrannical oath of allegiance he sought to impose upon Catholics.

There is a glint of democratic humor on the great Cardinal's part in his reply to the King's complaint that his Majesty must debase himself by controversy with an opponent so far inferior in family connections. "I really do not see the necessity," was the gist of Bellarmine's retort, "why there must be as many titled uncles on one side of a theological discussion as on the other."

In the "Patriarcha," a book directly aimed at Bellarmine by Robert Filmer, private theologian of King James I, we are given the remarkable summary of the redoubtable Jesuit's doctrine on popular sovereignty which has so often been quoted. The book is another unintentional tribute paid to him, but its value is that it shows at a glance the identity of Bellarmine's democratic principles with those expressed in the Declaration of Independence. I refer here to the two famous passages repeating the Cardinal's teaching on the subject in question. The first occurs at the very beginning of the "Patriarcha":

Mankind is naturally endowed and born with Freedom from all Subjection, and at liberty to choose what Form of Government it please: And that the Power which any one Man hath over others, was at first bestowed according to the discretion of the Multitude.

This statement of Bellarmine's doctrine, supposing the power of government to have been originally derived from God, is entirely accurate, although it is given by Filmer only to denounce its contents as a tenet "first hatched in the schools" (that is by the medieval schoolmen) and which "hath been fostered by all succeeding papists for good divinity." Turning then to page 4 we come to the second passage which gives a more detailed translation from the sixth chapter of the Cardinal's "De Laicis." Filmer says:

To make evident the Grounds of the Question, about the Natural Liberty of Mankind, I will lay down some passages of Cardinal Bellarmine that may best unfold the State of this controversy. Secular or Civil Power (saith he) is instituted by men; It is in the people unless they bestow it on a Prince. This Power is immediately in the whole Multitude, as in the subject of it; for this Power is Divine Law, but the Divine Power hath given this power to no particular man.

Bellarmino's statement against the theory of the Divine Right of Kings is that all sovereignty, indeed, comes from God, but is not placed by Him immediately in the ruler, nor yet in any one individual, but in the entire multitude, *in tota multitudine*, that is, in the community, which transfers it to the ruler. He also implies that since no indi-

dual possesses this power, individuals as such cannot combine to bestow their private rights upon any person, but the whole community, in whom alone the power is originally vested by God, transfers it as a body politic to one or more persons, as they may choose. This transfer is made by the right of nature itself. Filmer thus continues his quotations from Bellarmine:

If the Positive Law be taken away, there is left no Reason why amongst a Multitude (who are Equal) one rather than another should bear Rule over the Rest. Power is given by the multitude to any one man, or to more, by the same Law of Nature, for the Commonwealth cannot exercise this Power, therefore it is bound to bestow it upon some One man or some Few.

The multitude, namely, as a multitude, cannot rule itself. But while the law of nature and of God require that the community vest its power in one or more individuals, the particular form of government is not decided by the law of nature. The community may choose whatever form suits it best. Moreover, for "legitimate cause" it may later also change that form of government into another. Filmer, indeed, quite faithfully renders the thought of Bellarmine when he thus continues his translation:

It depends upon the Consent of the multitude to ordain over themselves a King, Counsel or other Magistrates; and if there be a lawful cause the multitude may change the Kingdom into an Aristocracy or Democracy. Thus far Bellarmine; in which passages are comprised the strength of all that I have read or heard produced for the Natural Liberty of the Subject.

Can any one fail to see that the American Declaration of Independence, in the statement of its fundamental principles, repeats the doctrine of Bellarmine as here given in these successive quotations? There is absolutely no new item introduced. The fundamental postulate, "Mankind is naturally endowed and born with Freedom from all Subjection," which expresses exactly the spirit of Bellarmine's doctrine, is, however, expanded into the fuller expression: "That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." What follows about governments "deriving their just power from the consent of the governed" and the right of the people to alter any form of government for legitimate cause, is purely Bellarmine's teaching to the letter, as accurately epitomized by Filmer. We understand, of course, that once the sovereignty is transferred from the people to the magistrate he truly holds his power from God, but as given him through the people.

That the passages from Bellarmine, which Filmer translated in order to attack them in his "Patriarcha," were in the possession of Thomas Jefferson, often called "the author of the Declaration of Independence," we know with certainty. That he actually scanned and applied them we cannot say. But that their doctrine is incorporated in the Declaration of Independence, he who has eyes to see can see.

In any case the men whose writings are said to have inspired the Signers could hardly have been ignorant of Bellarmine's doctrine. Among them Sidney and Locke

had directly refuted the "Patriarcha" and so come into intimate contact with the passages quoted here. "Locke and Sidney," remarks Dr. Figgis in the *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society* (1897) and quoted by Dr. Rager, "if they did not take their political faith bodily

from Suarez and Bellarmine, managed in a remarkable degree to conceal the difference between the two."

In a word, from whatever source derived, the principle and foundation of the Declaration of Independence is an excellent bit of medieval Catholicism.

The Tragedy of Mexico

II. The Boiling Cauldron

WILFRID PARSONS, S.J.

IF the historical survey in last week's article in this series showed anything, it showed that the trouble in Mexico did not begin last year, nor with the accession of Calles, nor even with the Social Revolution of Carranza. Its roots lie back in the nineteenth century with the struggles of the liberals to impose an alien philosophy on the Mexican people, and with the monotonous success of the "realists" in profiting by the resultant chaos to get their hands in the trough of the public money.

It is true, Carranza's revolution added the nationalization of property to the other encroachments by government on natural rights, with the usual result that the realists possessed the loot for themselves. But the path had been entered long before. The Constitution of 1917 is but the logical development of that of 1857.

However, let no one think that the Mexican situation is as simple as this explanation might seem to make it. It is indeed one of the most complicated of the modern national questions. A grave constitutional question lies at the bottom of it. A political question makes it dangerous. A religious question embitters it. An economic question unsettles it. An international question relates it to our country. But in spite of all this it still remains true that the alliance of the liberal idealists, turned radical, with the realists, turned ever more greedy, ambitious and revengeful, is the real root of the problem and vitiates each one of the foregoing questions in its turn. Another unholy alliance, in this country, between radicals, pacifists and Protestants, has succeeded in obscuring the truth in the minds of our people.

The making of constitutions has always been one of the national sports of Mexico. There were new constitutions in 1822, 1824, 1836, 1843 and 1857. These constitutions showed a constant trend towards instituting in Mexico a greater measure of democracy—of the European brand, not the American, and this is important—and at the same time a more complete extension of the power of the state over every branch of human existence. Another constant factor of these constitutions was the unrepresentative character of the conventions which fashioned them. Invariably it was the members of the party which

had just won a revolution who were "elected" to be delegates. Even Professor Callcott, whose sympathies are so obviously with the liberals in his recent book "Church and State in Mexico," admits that only the liberals were represented in framing and imposing the Constitution of 1857, and it is certain that they did not represent the majority of even the educated classes, still less of the mass of the people.

The Constitution of 1917 has even less validity than any of these others. Carranza, an illegitimate usurper, called the Constitutional Convention of Querétaro on his own authority, which was nil; the delegates were by decree confined to those who had borne arms in his revolution; the electors of these delegates were restricted to the same class; and the result of the convention, the Constitution itself, was never submitted to the people in any form. Carranza's authority was solely that of might, and that might was almost exclusively that of the favor he enjoyed from President Wilson.

That Constitution is still in force. From it have flowed all the present difficulties with the United States and with the Church. The recognition by this country of Carranza, and after his murder, of Obregon, and the present continued negotiations with Calles on the acknowledged basis of that Constitution, have served to retain in power the Social Revolution, with its evil train in the oil and mining imbroglio, the agrarian disaster, and the religious persecution.

The political situation is even worse. There are certain constants here also. It has always been the rule in Mexico that after a revolutionary success the field unites against the winner. This is hastened by the fact that usually the chiefs of the revolution are discovered to have agreed among themselves on the succession in the presidency for the next twelve years or so. Elections are impossible on a fair basis, for the masses of Indians take no interest at all in them, though they have the vote; and to make sure, all the most approved methods of ballot stuffing, false counting and intimidation are always in use. Thus even Congress is a mere collection of puppets, set to dance by threats, promises or plain graft.

The sober truth is that only a relatively small section

of the Mexican people is fit for a democratic form of government. None more plaintively admit this than the educated Mexicans themselves, even those who are not Catholics. Is it small wonder then that even the courts, including the Supreme Court, are not in any sense judicial in character, but purely political, taking orders from the one who happens to be President? For men like Senator Borah to speak of appealing to the Mexican courts under the present Government is the most innocent ignorance or the bitterest cynicism.

The causes of the present unhappy constitutional and political situation lie partly in the mixed racial character of the Mexican population, but even more than that, they are the sad heritage of the political history of the nineteenth century. Political theorists, attempting to graft the European parliamentary system on to an American Federal Republic, and further animated by the Masonic conception of the supremacy of the state, poisoned Mexican public life almost beyond cure. Unable to make it "go," because it was not rooted in any sense in the traditions or in the consent of the governed, they inevitably allowed the government to drop into the hands of selfish and second-rate politicians, while the better classes, impotent and disgusted, withdrew, or went to Europe. Is it any wonder Mexico has been the political scandal of the Western Hemisphere?

One of the consequences of a bad political tradition has been a continual economic depression. To begin with, just before withdrawing, Spain sent to Europe many millions in gold. During the Dark Ages, in the ascendancy of Santa Anna, the almost constant revolutions kept the country impoverished. The disgraceful war with the United States ruined it again. More than once loans were raised in Europe at such a discount that Mexico received less than fifty per cent of the proceeds. The intelligent policy of Porfirio Diaz put the country on its feet, and he left 63,000,000 pesos in the treasury when he fled. (Incidentally, he died in Paris a poor man, his very funeral expenses were paid by an American, and his son is said to keep a little book-shop in Paris). The surplus he left in Mexico was squandered in a few months.

The Constitution of 1917, creation of socialistic theorists, was all that was needed to complete the economic ruin. The labor code, progressive in many respects, went just beyond the bounds of common sense in its restrictions on industry, and moreover has been administered in a high-handed and arbitrary way. Capital, both Mexican and foreign, has been scared far away. The land laws, designed to correct the undoubted evils of top-heavy ownerships and of absentee landlordship, degenerated into confiscations without any compensation and into forcing farms on the Indians who did not want them, did not know how to work them, and who, after gathering the crops standing at the time, decamped.

The foreign debt is probably the key to the whole economic and political situation. The Lamont-de la Huerta, as amended by the Lamont-Pani, agreement, is the present norm of payment. A consortium of international bankers, represented by Thomas W. Lamont, of J. P.

Morgan and Co., is said to hold ninety per cent of the bonds. Arrears in interest and the interest on this were waived temporarily, and current interest was to be paid out of the entire oil export taxes and as much as necessary to fill it up from oil production taxes. The amount payable in 1927 is \$12,511,901. Monthly newspaper reports of amounts paid recently show that the Mexican Government is falling far below this figure, and the bondholders' interest certificates are selling rapidly. Rumors come from Mexico City that the June payments will not be made. Oil production and export have fallen sharply, the world oil market being heavily glutted. Naturally the bankers have supported the Calles Government as long as it has paid its interest even though not enough. What will happen when it ceases altogether is food for interesting speculation.

The oil question, which for some reason has been made to appear the only outstanding dispute with our Government, is in reality only one, and that probably the smallest. Millions of dollars' worth of land, other than oil land, has been taken from Americans. Thousands of Americans, long settled in Mexico, have lost everything. Hundreds of Americans have lost their lives. All of this is constant matter of official negotiation, but it never gets anywhere. It does not even get any publicity.

The oil question rests on the constitutional question. Under the Constitution and the presidential decrees enforcing it, owners of subsoil wealth, which is declared to belong to the State, must give over their titles, and receive in exchange for them a paper called a "concession," by which they will be allowed to take oil for a period of fifty years, renewable for twenty years. In answer to our Government's protest against this as confiscatory and retroactive, Calles has logically answered: "Don't howl till you're hurt. No oil land has been taken. None will be taken till after fifty years. Then will be time enough to protest." The answer to this, which apparently was never given, is, of course, that Calles has taken something more valuable than land. He has taken rights. And besides, once the concession was accepted, who is to guarantee that a later Government, or even this one, will not reduce the term of the concession to twenty years, ten, five or one? All Mexican history is there to prove that such a thing would happen. Once the principle of the concession is admitted, the confiscation will follow, sure enough. It would be fatal to property interests in Mexico to yield on this, as it would be fatal to our prestige in Latin America to be beaten by such a patent diplomatic fraud.

This survey of the constitutional, political, economic and international aspects of the Mexican question has been made without any reference to the religious aspect of it. Enough has been said to show without further proof that the latter is incidental. The Mexican people have cause enough to overthrow this regime without thinking of what it has done against their Church. God knows it has done enough. Why it has done it, is accounted for in various ways. The Church blocks the way to the Social Revolution on its economic side, because

in the land question it must stand for no confiscation without compensation, and in the industrial, while it stands for justice to the laborer, it also stands for justice to the employer at the same time. On these two counts alone, the Revolution is bitter at the Church and must remove it to achieve success.

But just as the Social Revolution is committed to injustice to the land-owner and to the employer, so it denies fundamental rights to all fathers of families on the educational side and to all the members of the Church on the purely religious side. The inalienable rights of the parent to choose the form of education of his offspring is denied by Article 3 of the Constitution. The method of enforcing this article has been brutal and extreme. The

Church itself has an inalienable right to exist, and does not receive it as a gift from the State. This right, too, is denied by the Constitution, and here again the enforcement has been brutal, in fact, nothing less than an attempt to reduce the Church to the status of a mere department of the State. Far from separation of Church and State, the Social Revolution stands for the most complete union, as under the Soviets in Russia. Thus the Church has come into inevitable conflict with this regime on four counts: the questions of economic justice, of industrial justice, of social justice and of religion itself.

Next week will be given a picture of the latest developments in Mexico, as they contain some inkling of what is in store for the future.

Louvain: Oldest Catholic University

CHARLES H. LYNCH

OF the many universities founded by the Popes in the Middle Ages there is today but one which has remained true, through Reformation and Revolution, in allegiance to Rome—the Catholic University of Louvain. A veritable Phoenix, it has more than once risen from its ashes to show unsullied intellectual plumage to a puzzled world. Perhaps it is not a Phoenix but a Dove.

The latest sack of Louvain took place throughout the night of Aug. 25, 1914. Burned to the ground by invading hands was the Alexandrian Library of this day, *Les Halles*, the University's famed *bibliotheca*. A lick of the flames left traceless the original Papal Bull of Martin V, issued Dec. 9, 1425, authorizing the founding of the University. Opened a short time later, it celebrated its five hundredth anniversary on June 28 and 29, concomitantly with the opening of the new library, a gift of generous Americans to the University and to modern scholarship.

Mary, Seat of Wisdom, is the patroness of the University and here, truly, as the inscription over the main door of the Old Library read, *Sapientia aedificavit sibi domum* (Wisdom has built herself a house), or better, has built herself "many mansions," for by right of the Bull of its inception, the University could receive students from all parts of the world, which privilege led to the establishment of a college for each nationality and a house for each Religious Order.

We are reminded of those days, when we pass the old Dutch College on the *Vieux Marché* where Jansenius, theologian and bishop, lived for some time as rector, or notice across the corner of the Old Market-place a group of discalced Irish Franciscans issuing from the ancient Irish College founded in 1606. If we but mount the narrow, cobblestoned, truly Flemish street, connecting

the picturesque square with St. Michael's Church—the temple of the "Supreme Being" during the French Revolution—we will pass the ancient college of the English Jesuits, later the convent of the Recollect Fathers where Father Damien, the hero of Molokai, lived as a student; while the wall on the other side of the street encloses the garden of the Josephite College where Daniel O'Connell, the Irish Liberator, studied for some time. Nor is America forgotten. A little farther on is Rue de Namur and to the right can be seen the imposing corner which holds the American College, the first founded in Europe, being this year seventy years old. And here you must realize is a description of but one corner of Louvain.

In this home that Wisdom has built unto herself many a son of fame has been reared whose memory today is pleasant to recall. Such a stalwart family tree! Educators and humanists will think on Penseius, Putiamus, Rexius of the exquisite Greek texts; Blessed Thomas More, Justus Lipsius, the great Latinist; and Erasmus, who spent six years here and founded the Trilingual College. Theologians will recall Lessius, Baius and Jansenius. The history of printing has much to say of John of Westphalia and Thierry Martens, while Mercator, Romanus, and Frisius, pioneer cartographers, are also sons of Louvain. Amongst even the "Arrowsmiths" the names of Vesalius, called the father of anatomical research, and Réga, the 18th century authority on surgery, will ever enter discussion. Other giants of other fields are Clénard, the Arabist, and Minckelers, the inventor of illuminating gas. Greatest of all may be named Adrian Floris, tutor of the Emperor Charles V, better known as Pope Adrian VI; he was successively professor at the University, librarian, rector, cardinal and Pope—the last non-Italian Pope.

To this roll of honor the world now acclaims the ad-

dition of the name of Cardinal Mercier, prime cause of the flourishing school of neo-scholastic philosophy here at the University, and lest we forget, in the words of a New York *Times* editorial, "The most heroic and godlike figure of all the World War." In a visit to the American College last November, the United States Ambassador to Belgium, Hon. William Phillips—now stationed at Ottawa—said, "I can never come here and walk about the streets without feeling the spirit of this illustrious prince of the Catholic Church hovering about and pervading the city."

Interwoven with the lives of these great men are many pages of most interesting history. Shortly after the founding of the school we find its theological faculty playing a leading part at the Council of Basle (1431). At the beginning of the Sixteenth century the Carmelite, John Pascha of Louvain, arranged the Stations of the Cross in the order that we have them today. As Father Thurston, S.J., in his work, "The Stations of the Cross" writes: "the existing series of stations of the Way of the Cross come to us, not from Jerusalem, but from Louvain."

One of Louvain's most glorious pages is the steadfast opposition the University offered to Luther and "the reformers," it being the first of the great schools of the day to condemn the writings of the reformer-friar. Preserving the solid Catholicism of Belgium, the University also struggled mightily to reform the whole Church inwardly. The Bible was edited in French and Flemish; what may be considered as the first *Index Expurgatorius* of the Church was published by the theological faculty; a *summa* of the principal dogmas of the Church was drawn up to combat rampant error; while her assistance and scientific support at the Council of Trent leave a proud record. It was during this true interior reformation of the Church that the celebrated controversy on grace arose, with Louvain the forefront of the theological battle between Jesuit and Jansenist.

Sadder pages in the history of the University are those recording its struggles against the Josephism of the Austrian government during the latter part of the 18th century, and, a few years later, the futile repulses of the French Revolutionists. In the ten years between 1787 and 1797 the University was five times opened solemnly only to be closed by the sword each time, now by the French and now by the Austrians, until in 1797 it was completely suppressed by the French Revolutionists. The *ancien régime* was a closed chapter.

Not until 1835 did the ashes stir and the University come back to life. With its internal organization altered somewhat, its "Second Spring" has proven a glorious one with the World War and the burning of a few University buildings but a temporary set-back. Today there is an enrollment of 3,500 students and a combined faculty of 150 professors. As in its early days the students come from all parts of the world. Particularly strong today are the groups from the two Americas and China.

The formal reopening of the new University Library, which were part of the quinquecentennial celebration,

marks a new era in the life of the school and it is America's proud boast that she it is who brought about this rejuvenation.

Of the 300,000 works that fed the flames the following may be considered as the most important: a manuscript in the handwriting of Thomas a Kempis; *De Humani Corporis Fabrica*, by Vesalius; the *Augustinus*, of Jansenius; the *Codex Parcensis* of Cornelius Nepos; two illuminated manuscripts by Denys le Chartreux; along with geographical charts of the time of Mercator.

The United States had not lost her earlier sympathy when peace came round once more and a movement was set on foot to rebuild for the historic University, as a gift from America, the ancient library. Of the \$1,000,000 collected for the expense, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, raised the first half million, while Hon. Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, completed the task. The principal contributors were school children and college students of all racial origins and faiths. The architect of the new building is Whitney Warren of New York and Paris, and the beauty of his original design is now almost a complete actuality in the graceful style of the Flemish Renaissance. There will be room to care for 2,000,000 books, the nucleus of which is accumulating rapidly, due to the delivery from the libraries of Germany, in accordance with the Treaty of Versailles, of 10,000 volumes per month. The books, as equal in value to those lost as may be had, are selected by officials of the University. Thousands of volumes have also been given by other nations as their part in the reestablishment of an historic library.

On July 28, 1921, Dr. Butler laid the cornerstone and the other day the world saw mingling with student representatives of all the American Universities the élite of the world's scholars come to wish well to an ancient University on its birthday. Many degrees *honoris causa* were given to deserving savants in each of the sciences; of especial interest to America was the conferring of Doctorates in Theology on Archbishop Dowling of St. Paul, Minn., Bishop Lawlor of Leeds, S. D., Bishop Murray of Portland, Maine, and Bishop Francis C. Kelley, of Oklahoma.

Lady Poverty

CYRIL B. EGAN

HE was a kind of sixth or seventh cousin of hers; but fortune, good or bad, had brought them together frequently enough to warrant a closer kindred. She bought books, and he helped sell them; and she, with cousinly benevolence aforesent, set out to help him sell them. Often and often one might see Alice at the Odd Krafte Book Shop, and always at the counter presided over by little Cousin Andy.

She bought books for herself, and being a helpful sort of person, she bought books for others. She bought books of all sorts: the latest problem novels for the friends of her own social set; expensive breviaries (by

special order) for the erudite clergymen whom she delighted to call Doctor; luxurious editions of Oscar Wilde's *Happy Prince* for the kiddies; but most quickly of all she snapped up, both for herself as well as the others, any new or old literature relating to the life of the Assisian Francis.

Dear naive beloved Poverello! Happy Prince Charming of the religious world! What a sweet poetic soul he was, to be sure! Everybody's Saint Francis, one might discuss him anywhere without incurring the charge of narrowmindedness or sectarianism. Now there were some saints one simply couldn't mention in all decency to friends of other creeds . . . Simeon Stylites or Benedict Labre for instance.

There was such a thing as going a bit too far; and they, she was sure, had gone the full fanatical distance, but Francis,—everyone reacted pleasurable to the mention of the mild Poverello,—Protestant, Catholic or Jew; Buddhist, agnostic or atheist. And so since her husband John had died and son Bill was away at Harvard, it had been a great consolation to Alice to make of her devotion to the Assisian a more intensive hobby—to go about doing good, endowing shrines, lighting tapers figurative and literal, letting sunlight through murky windows, spreading cheer everywhere, helping the poor, comforting the sick, and enlightening her benighted friends with Franciscan literature, the while she steeped herself thoroughly in almost every known form of Franciscan reading and devotion.

But of course she never joined the Third Order. There was such a thing as being too rigorous with oneself. She didn't believe that Francis himself, were he to come to life, would approve of this fantastic sodality. Too many rules, too much of ceremony,—how could Simplicity flourish in such an extremist atmosphere? And yet her cousin Andy was a member of the Third; for what reason God might know, but Alice didn't. She could barely comprehend a woman so allying herself; but a man—a young man—dear, dear, she was sure there was something most *unmanly* about such a connection; and she didn't care who heard her say it. And even for a woman—well, at least for this particular woman, she judged it more sensible, if not just as efficacious, to follow the Saint in her own modest way.

And she didn't do so badly, either. Regularly once a week, sometimes in company with a friend, she visited the poor in the slums, and brought them comfort without questions, aid without advice, food and money without tracts; and on her way home, she—and perhaps the friend—might once in a while drop in upon Andy to buy a book. And incidentally she might chat with him of her visit to the lowest East Side:

"Really, my dear Andrew, the poverty of those people would break your heart. Its appalling what they have to put up with! If you could only realize—"

"Yes . . . I can realize."

An innocent enough answer, superficially taken, and yet, what a world of meaning behind it! Gravely ut-

tered in a low gentle voice by a drab little morsel of a book clerk: but who save the literal Alice could miss the mirthful light behind those calm grey eyes, or the genial ironic intent of that queerly compressed mouth?

"O but you can't, my dear—Can he realize, Constance? Mrs. Gay will tell you: they haven't room enough to turn 'round in—no air—no light—they live like moles! It's—it—"

"Yes, I can well imagine!—Ah, here is your copy of the 'Flowers.' I'm sure you will find it charming . . . Yes, I'll tell Mary you were asking for her . . . Good day, Mrs. Gay,—so pleased. . . . Goodbye, Alice. By the way"—the grey eyes smiled frankly, disarmingly—"why don't you come to see us some time,—Mary and me?"

There was an awkward pause, while Alice winced. Could he mean it? Could he possibly mean to invite her, socially, to the dingy little Harlem flat-house whose halls reeked with the fulsome fragrances of stale milk, frying fish, and ancient oilcloth? It was hard enough that she had had to attend his mother's wake there—but then, *that* was one of the corporal works of mercy. Whereas now, for entertainment—? ! And yet she must not offend the kindly Andy by a downright refusal. His was once a tolerably respectable flat, when flats were respectable—and he and his sister Mary were two of the best-hearted souls—and it must be so dreadfully lonesome for those two living alone—

"I—er—certainly—shall come—some time. But why don't you and Mary *first* come and see me?"

Riding home in the car, Alice remarked to Mrs. Gay, the one woman in the world with whom she was nearly on intimate terms:

"Isn't he the dearest, most provoking boy!—Andrew, I mean. Yes, I know he's over thirty, but he *is* still a boy. So youthful and foolish in his ideas. But intelligent, my dear, O wonderfully intellectual! I do wish that he would have more push and go to him,—that he might get somewhere in life. But he is *so* impractical. There he is, with brains enough to be a bank-president, wasting them in a book store—and instead of using his spare time after work to improve himself—flittering it away in a morris-chair, reading himself blind, or on Saturday afternoons and Sundays hiking himself silly through the woods of New Jersey or Staten Island.—What's that?—"O no, he's something more than a clerk at the Odd Krafts, I'm sure; I'm certain he must be assistant manager or something or other like that by now. . . . O' I'm positive. Still, he *is* wasting his time there!"

That spring "The Little Poor Man" was played on Broadway, and of course nothing would do Alice but to take, on the opening night, two center rows of the front orchestra for herself and her friends. She honestly wanted these friends to know her Saint Francis better, and she wanted herself to know him better.

In a swirl of expensive fragrance then, shimmer of silks and luster of seal and pearls, Alice's party swept down the aisle to the front of the house, there to sit and drink in the wisdom of the humblest. For the first time

before their eyes—and especially before the eyes of Alice, the little brown friar lived and moved and had his being, lived and breathed and spoke his gospel of love and poverty, lived and prayed to God and preached to his little brown brothers—: lived—lived—he was *alive*—(that was the thing!)—no longer a creature of print and paper, but a flesh and blood reality before them, before her. And when the final curtain fell, it seemed as if *finis* had been written, for the time at least, on the life of a loved one; and there were tears in the eyes of many, though nought could be sincerer than the tear-mist that glazed the eyes of Alice, albeit her murmur of approval had a ring not so genuine.

"Ah, that dear little poor man! That sweetest, charm-
ingest Poverello!"

On the way out her portly escort (a phrase-maker adroit and hence diverting as a companion) remarked with a gesture indicative of the resplendent first-night patronage:

"Something mighty fine, isn't there, about the Wealthiest and Proudest of a Great City coming to pay homage to the Poorest in Spirit of all time?"

Alice, her eyes misting again, admitted that it was mighty fine. Once they had reached the lobby, however, her exaltation of spirit suffered a slight depression: for an accident had occurred on the avenue, and the starter begged to inform them that they would have to walk around to the side street for their limousine.

"How annoying!" said the Heavy Escort.

"I hate side streets," admitted Alice. Nevertheless they—the Lady Poverty and her party—managed to negotiate the corner without difficulty, bringing up in a moment or two directly outside the second balcony exit where their cars awaited them.

"Hello, Alice!" a voice sang out; whereupon the lady started, looked up.

Good Gracious!—There coming down the second flight of steps,—the second balcony steps of all places,—was Andy, of all people! Andy, with his little old last year's derby hat, smiling broadly and waving his hand and crying out to her, "How did you like the show?" . . .

She was very brave: despite the awkward position she found herself in, despite the fact that she was angry with Andy for the pose of going gallery when he could surely afford the price of one orchestra seat, Alice smiled and spoke back to him, although in a voice the slightest bit constrained and somewhat too low for Andy to hear distinctly:

"Very nice.—And how have you been, Andrew?"

And then the chauffeur opened the door, and the devotee of the Poverello disappeared with her escort into the velvet-cushioned depths of the limousine.

Not for two or three months after that did the lady bountiful run afoul of her impoverished kinsman. A pilgrimage took her abroad for June and July,—a pilgrimage to Assisi, and incidentally—on the way—to Paris, Nice and the Lido. But of course, it was Assisi that captured her heart,—Assisi the home of the Poverello—

sacred, beloved, sublime Assisi!—that was the topic ever on her tongue, that was all she would talk of upon her return.

"A beauty spot," she reminisced to her friend, Mrs. Constance Gay, one morning in late August as they walked down Fifth Avenue—"A paradise on earth if ever there was one! And all its religious exercises conducted with such sublime simplicity. Well, I've always told you St. Francis was my favorite saint; but he's more my favorite than ever, since I've seen his Assisi!—Which reminds me: have you heard of the special limited edition of the Poverello's life by Giordano just published?—only one thousand copies, I believe, and they cost *two hundred dollars* apiece. Imagine!—Andrew's place is not far from here: I wonder if we called on him, could he locate one for me?"

"Maybe," nodded Mrs. Gay—"Let's drop in on him at the Odd Krafte—it's only two blocks away."

A block more of a saunter, and whom should they run across but the very man they quested! In leisurely fashion Andy was advancing, and under cover of a sun-worn straw, he was beaming on them genially.

"Hello, Alice,—how have you been?"

"How do you do, Andrew?—You know Mrs. Gay, don't you?—Naughty boy, why aren't you at business this morning?" She flaunted a playful parasol at him; but Andy only grinned:

"No business to be had!"

"Not really?—You don't mean—"

"Odd Krafte failed last month—didn't you know? . . . Gambled too heavily on their publishing long shots. And so the faithful ten years' employes must look around for another job!"

"Tcck—tcck! . . . And yet—it can't be so bad after all, *n'est-ce pas?* You can enjoy a little vacation while considering what new place you will want to take?—"

"You mean—while looking for an old place that will want to take a new hand," said Andy with a benign twinkle:—"though at the most, I shouldn't really be out more than two or three months!—Meanwhile, why don't you run down to Harlem and drop in on us some time? Mary would be glad, I'm sure—"

"Ye—es . . . I shall. —But *first* you must *both* come come up and see me!—Er—well, I'll have to toddle along now. Love to Mary. Au revoir!"

"So long, Alice. Good day, Mrs. Gay!"

And as he sauntered off north, the ladies continued their stroll down the avenue.

"What a provoking boy," cried Alice to Mrs. Gay, her irritation for the first time overcoming her reticence: "How perfectly awful to think that a lad with his talent can be content, actually happy, to go on for the rest of his days in beggary—in drudgery—like a pauper—like a little pauper!"

"But I thought," interjected Mrs. Gay thoughtfully, "that you were such a great admirer of Saint Francis—"

"O but my dear," sighed Alice—"the Poverello lived in another; and these days—are so different!"

Sociology**Seven Years of Prohibition**

JOHN WILBYE

SOMETIMES when my rather candid beard falls out to me in shaving, as the Mantuan has it, *candidior postquam tondenti barba cadebat*, my memory walks the long path back to the days of my youth. At the end of the winding trail in Clarkson's pasture, where the Madison Pike stumbles across the Bromley Road, old George Matthews waits for me. There is a smile on his weather-beaten face, and he looks more apologetic and unnecessary than ever.

Perhaps I too should apologize: George was not a person one met in polite society. Generally you came across him in the back-yard, battered cap in hand, ostensibly looking for work. Timidly he would suggest that a small area of the leaf-buried sward needed raking, or, in the Summer, that the grass was "gettin' right high"; or, failing to secure either engagement, "any kin' of a job, Mizz Sue," he would plead, "wuth about two bits." What he wanted, and usually got, was employment that could not possibly engender the toxins associated with fatigue. In the capacity of scarecrow, had he been willing to flutter and dangle in a corn-field, he might have earned a fair living; but George's fluttering and dangling were never purposeful. They were the result of the villainous liquor (known locally by a word shocking to nice ears, but a *mot juste*) in which his slender resources, when he had any, were invested. For poor old George was the town drunkard; harmless, when mildly in drink, which, as a rule, he was.

A tear for his memory! He never did us youngsters any harm, but created for us many a moment of childish happiness. He could make whistles and boats; he could jig; he could pick on the banjo and scrape on the fiddle; to a troupe of freckled little Fauns who innocently attributed his wavering gait to "rheumatiz in the legs," he was a veritable Pan. At the word of request—and often without it—he would lift his wheezy notes in the haunting lilts that your modern university savants are tracing from old England to the Blue Ridge and the Cumberland: songs of Amy of Leicestershire, and of King James who lost a throne of gold, and of the fair maid in London town who pined away in unrequited love for a lad who had found him a fairer lass. When old George died our town could have better spared, I think, a better man.

Last week, as the full-page advertisement here reproduced from the Chicago *Tribune* for June 8, fell on my eye, I thought again of George Matthews. When the first cure for dipsomania was invented (or so it was thought) science, filtering to us through our local physicians, made him a marked man, and he was sent away to test the

treatment. We had other specimens who also stood in the need of something else besides prayer, but none to equal him. George came back after a few months, pale and peaked, but undeniably sober, and not too pleased with the novelty. But sober he kept, until some town-roughs who took the whole affair as a joke, tempted him with a quart or two of the *mot juste* beverage to which I have referred. The joke ended grimly; and George's last words gasped an apology to Doc Wise for calling him out of bed at three in the morning, "an' Mizz Wise so po'ly, too." There was always an air of breeding about him, faded but genuine, that spoke of better days before he left Virginia and wandered across the mountains to our town.

Well, George has gone, and Prohibition has come. But after seven years of Prohibition, a business firm out in Illinois spends thousands of dollars to tell us that more Georges are with us.

Possibly the figures in the fac-simile are too small to be read easily. Supplied by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, they show a "decided upward trend in deaths from alcoholism, the figure for 1925 . . . being nearly five times the figure for 1920." Another report from the same source states that the deaths from alcoholism in the first three months of 1925 were more numerous than in any three-month period since 1917.

After ten years of partial Prohibition, and seven of

Reproduced from Chicago "Tribune," June 8.

AN INSTITUTION TO BE PERMANENT MUST RENDER A SERVICE TO HUMANITY

We are not out of business!

1926 Was Our Biggest Year Since 1917

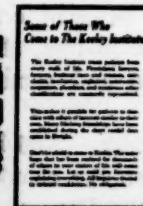
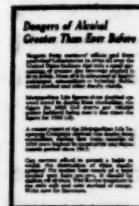
Few institutions in America—in the world for that matter—ever held a more enviable record for service to humanity than The Keeley Institute at Dwight, Illinois. Keeley's work of rebuilding men and women back over a continuous period of 30 years. Its patients numbered in the hundreds of thousands.

Is there any wonder then, at our surprise to learn how generally the impression has grown that The Keeley Institute is no longer in business? Especially, in view of the fact that in 1926 we treated more persons than during any previous year since 1917!

Our business is saving men. We are truly rebuilders of humanity. And so long as there are habits that destroy, there will be an urgent need for The Keeley Institute. Look around you. Did you ever see liquor causing more suffering, more destruction, more misery than it is today? Did you ever know alcohol more

deadly than that contained in the average drink of this modern era? No one doubts that whiskey now is many times more harmful than before. It is, as ever, one of the greatest problems of mankind.

Perhaps in your employ or among your friends there is an unfortunate whose life is being shattered by this seemingly unshakable habit. If so, the news that The Keeley Institute is still rendering its effective service will be welcome to you. You will see in the advertisement the opportunity to reach some disengaged persons to this valuable service in society. Write us today and learn the full facts about The Keeley methods of treatment. Or send us the name and address of some one whom you believe we may help. Confidential information will be forwarded in a plain envelope and all correspondence will be held in strictest confidence.



The Keeley Institute
Dwight, Illinois

D. T. Nelson, Secretary

absolute countrywide Prohibition, this great moral experiment should show better results.

But I leave the case to your judgment. I do not recommend the Institute, for I have never been an inmate, and know nothing about it. Personally I should counsel a good local physician and a confessor.

Education

How to Put a Quart Into a Pint

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NEARLY a decade ago, tracing some now forgotten by-path in the Smith-Towner controversy, I expressed my deep distrust of the American delusion that every boy and girl should go to high school and college. I thought—and said—that if about half of the young people who struggled through high school and floundered through college were kindly but firmly diverted to other pursuits on completing the eighth grade, all, but particularly the schools and the colleges, would be in a better state. Golden lads and lassies, without doubt; but to them the higher studies offered no better opportunity than a dustman's bin.

For it seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, that it is waste of time to polish brick.

But education, or what passes for it, is now a national religion. The school-house is the temple in which we adore; and under the present pontificate we often bow down to Brummagem idols. Whatever else we lack, schools we must have. In any city budget the leading item is for education. We provide programs which include everything except Lewis Carroll's Reeling and Writhing, Uglification and Derision; and these, perhaps, may be supplied by those schools which offer fancy dancing and the art of conducting a beauty parlor. From tottering child to shambling youth, the compulsory attendance law forces all to sit down at this rich banquet; and the age-limit mounts steadily. Sixteen has been reached; eighteen is threatened. New York now contemplates spending \$30,000,000 on sites for new continuation schools, and that at a time when the worth of such institutions is more than dubious.

Surely there is something admirable as well as pathetic in the American trust in "education." One only regrets that so many "programs" are futile, that so much earnest work ends in thin air. As the community forces a rise in the age-limit, it necessarily collides with another limit: the capacity of the adolescent mind to profit by this prodigality of scholastic apparatus.

The capacity of a pint-pot is—except according to Einstein—one pint precisely. Diedrich Knickerbocker, I believe, commemorates a worthy Dutch publican who invented the art of so extending a pint of schnapps that the compound strained for elbow-room when decanted into a quart bottle. He is the forefather and patron of all New York bootleggers, whose wares, the intelligent warn us, sometimes expand so suddenly as to produce the effect of an explosion. But not even Ichabod Crane

could room a quart of education in a one-pint brain. Niagara itself can pour no more than a pint of water into a pint-pot. But it can flatten it.

In defiance of natural inequalities and incapacities, we Americans have invented the art of "putting" any boy or girl through high school and college, provided (1) that some institution for the feeble-minded does not first engulf him or her, and (2) that the subject can be induced or compelled to heap up a sufficient number of "credits." In an article or two in this Review last Autumn, I explained how this art is applied in the high school. The process is simple. When Jimmy, *aet.* 14, concludes that Latin is an error and Greek a crime, give him a credit for scene-painting. If Susie weeps a flood of tears over her algebra, let her darn. Academically, if not otherwise, the darning will be a creditable performance.

Thus do we put a quart of 2.75 education into a one-pint receptacle.

How the art operates in the college is explained by Dr. W. S. Learned who contributes to the current Report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching one of the most valuable studies in comparative education I have yet read. "To the democratic philosophy that every one can and should go through college," he writes, "the college has responded by becoming the sort of institution through which any and every one can go."

Thus in thirty-one words does Dr. Learned synopsize the condition of college education in the United States.

"Students who would be hopeless in coping with a real intellectual task," he continues, "have little difficulty, by a skilful selection of courses and instructions, in accumulating, term by term, the 'credits' necessary to keep themselves afloat. Both the stupid grind and the clever shirk are capable of this without resorting to serious processes of thought which require persistence, deliberation, and perspective." ("Quality of the Educational Process," p. 64).

Caught in the rich wisdom of that paragraph one word sticks out like a sore thumb. "Credits."

I believe it was Dr. Loring Sharp of Boston who said some years ago that his children, then at high school, did not seem particularly interested in learning anything. But they were intensely interested in obtaining the required number of "credits." It is a common phenomenon, and I have sometimes wondered if the modern youngster does not collect "credits" in the same spirit that his father collected stamps and cigarette pictures. Little girls in pinafores—I recant—in sport skirts and bobbed hair look you square in the eye and babble of credits with a facility that would do honor to the pedagogue who invented them. I knew one who came in the spot-light with a couple of credits in agronomy. She did not know what it was, and I did not. Her excuse was that she had studied agronomy in freshman year: mine that I had never studied it at all, being set aside at an early age for an urban career.

"We had that in freshman" readily springs to the lips of any sophomore to excuse his total ignorance of sad

Andromache. Even seniors have been known to resent the insinuation that their minds were cluttered up with the debris and detritus of a sophomore course in Aeschylus. The credits are safe, and why worry? The process is closely allied to the methods promoted by the advertising-agent of an enterprising savings-bank. Here is a credit in French: put it in a bon-bon box, tied with a pink ribbon. Over there is another, gained in a course on the Influence of Abelard on the Pragmatism of the Later Renaissance: a poor thing, perhaps, but mine own and a credit. Here are two more: one from the wreck of a course on Greek Literature in English, the other from a course on Transcendentalism at Brook Farm. Only four? Pick out a few more easy ones!

Neatly stowed in separate compartments, these academic achievements will in due time be credited toward a degree, in the manner of the fifty cents you pay every week on a funeral-expense policy. What the candidate may know of French, Greek Literature, or the rest, at the end of his senior year, may be little or much. But only in rare instances is the plummet of a comprehensive examination dropped into his intellectual well. As far as the degree is concerned, freshman French still abides with him, ever young and ever fair, like the old lady in "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

"We are a gr'eat people," Mr. Hennessy once remarked to Mr. Dooley. "We are so," replied the sage of Archey Road. "An' the bist iv it is that we know we are." Dr. Learned's incisive criticisms, and others made in the same spirit, will help to destroy the conviction that in education we lead the world. They will also aid in evoking the larger spirit which sees value in the older educational methods. That done, our Catholic institutions will be able to free themselves from the hampering restraints which the prevalent craze for uniformity and standardization has forced upon them.

MONOTONE

Her lips quivered with gray laughter
And gray light shuddered in her eyes.
One thought of fog creeping after
Great slow ships under gray skies.

Death made but little of her dying;
No more than a young wind at sea
Rewinding a bolt of fog and crying
An old song in a minor key.

C. T. LANHAM.

FICKLENES

If spring winds were not blowing,
Were nights not half so deep
Perhaps, dear, I'd remember
My tryst with you to keep.

But the white winds are blowing,
I hear an Elfin tune—
So I dance on, pretending
I love the half-mad moon!

ELEANORE L. PERRY.

With Script and Staff

BACCALAUREATE sermons, as a rule, manage to escape saying anything over-definite. Yet if you glance over a few sermons, delivered all on a June day, there seems to be a common impression, even in the case of the most optimistic preachers, that something is wrong in the religious way at our secular colleges. Religion and morality can no longer be taken quite for granted, they need some apology, some pretty strong statement of why they have a right to be considered at all.

Speaking at Wellesley, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick sounded the trumpet for freedom. But at the same time he warned that freedom may be lamentably abused and misunderstood. "My charge against wide areas of the younger generation is that that which they call independence is not independence, but a cheap exchange of one conventional life pattern for another." President James L. McConaughy, preaching at Wesleyan, charged the prevalence of student suicide to "Behaviorism" in psychology, which has caused students to think of themselves as playthings of fate without God-given wills: a result of the materialistic philosophy of life.

Dr. Hibben, at Princeton, likewise was aware of the objections raised at Princeton "among our undergraduates concerning the nature of religion and the place it may hold in the lives of the young men of today." Against the objection that it "lacks reality and that there is no natural place for religion amid the real experiences of life," he urged the reality of the spirit and urged that we cannot lightly forget the Founder of Christianity and slight our debt to the past.

President Lowell at Harvard warned the students against contempt for labor, and the concept of life as a "mere complex of chemical reactions." He emphasized the fact that "weak, dull and blind as man is, he was made for infinite conceptions of which he was to partake."

At Yale, President Angell warned the graduating class against materialism, and characterized those indifferent to religion, which "satisfies an enduring and ineradicable human need as nothing else has done," as "moral imbeciles and spiritual anarchists." And Dr. Gilkey at Amherst maintained that the Christian Church is not losing ground, "it is not a defunct institution but a going concern, in spite of the pessimism which prevails in the world concerning it."

To all these sentiments Catholics will naturally subscribe; but their implications show at the same time that AMERICA is not an alarmist, but merely recognizes a sober truth, when it warns against the evident decay of religion, nay revolt against religion, in our non-Catholic colleges.

FIFTY thousand men of Dauphiny in France gathered on May 29 to demand the return of the Monastery of the Grande Chartreuse, the Mother House of the Carthusian order, to the monks, who have been turned out of their lawful home since 1903. The gathering took place at Voiron. After an open-air Mass, an enthusiastic meeting gave voice to the determination of the Catholic

men of Dauphiny to demand the restoration of the Monastery to the monks in the name of justice, right, and the good name of France. Associated with the claims of the Carthusian monks, merited by a thousand years of piety, prayer and innumerable works of beneficence, were also the claims of all the religious orders, still exiled by law from their native land.

JUDGING by the reports that keep coming from China, religious persecution seems to be a part of the activity of the Southern army. Reports tell not merely of occupation by the Southern soldiers of churches and religious establishments, but of broken altars, statues profaned, and other outrages, as well as positive anti-Christian school legislation. The testimonies contained in the letters of the missionaries to Jesuit superiors are too numerous to quote, but all tell the same story of loot, forced occupation, and incitement by anti-Christian emissaries. The Shanghai *Chinese Recorder* of March, 1927, a Protestant organ, remarks:

Anti-Christian propaganda will continue to be a disturbing factor. The political revolution will most likely spread. The end and the effects of these cannot be foretold. It would therefore be unwise to fall into easy optimism and declare that after a while all will be as it was. Little connected with Christian work in China will remain just as it was. Significant changes are emerging. Precedents for meeting them are almost absent.

MOST disheartening tales of devastation have been received by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary whose territory is governed by the Kuomintang. Out of the forty-one missionary stations of the Franciscans scarcely one has been saved, whereas the lives of the missionaries and the Sisters seemed till now to have been protected by an unseen hand. The Sisters and little orphans, seventy in number, of the Convent of Tsing-su-mu, could only just manage to save their lives in the near mountains, after many hours of fearful pangs of death and threatened by the shots and knives of the gangs of robbers. The cholera added its horrors, and snatched away daily hundreds of victims. The Sisters however set to work, as the municipal authorities had opened to them the doors of prisons and hospitals so that they could bring help. Their effort was so favored with blessings, that they could return home daily with a result of sixty to eighty baptisms.

THE heroism of our missionaries compels everyone's attention, but not everyone thinks of the brains, the scientific method, required in order to make the work permanent and productive. The mission work of Father Van Henxthoven in Central Africa, an account of which has recently been published, shows how important it is not only to do a courageous thing, but to do the right thing, in order to achieve results. An apparently hopeless situation was created by the demoralized condition of the adults, and the pagan atmosphere of the native villages. Father Van Henxthoven conceived the idea of establishing what he called "Farm Chapels": little farms where

the children could live and raise their own food, and so grow up into Christian ways of life. After three years they were baptized. The majority wished still to remain at the farm, and did so until they were old enough to be married and return to the native village. In 1906, after thirteen years of apostolate, two hundred and fifty of these farm chapels had been established, in which five thousand boys were educated. The girls were in charge of the sisters. Unfortunately, however, the Belgian socialists and the local agents became jealous of the success of the work, and in the end succeeded in suppressing these fruitful centers of Christianity.

QUIET in a special way the Little Flower has been called upon to watch over the destinies of the Church. No more evident mark of devotion to her wonderful intercession could have been given than was shown on May 19 by the Holy Father, when he knelt before the little shrine erected to her honor in the Vatican gardens, the gift of the Carmelite nuns of Lisieux. The ceremony of dedication was very simple. The *Regina Caeli* was sung by the Carmelite Fathers, the veil withdrawn and the statue blessed by the Bishop of Sant-Cloud, followed by the hymn of the Little Flower, the antiphon *Florete flores*, and the *Oremus pro pontifice*. The Holy Father knelt throughout in profound prayer, and recommended to the power with God of her humility and purity those matters in which no human wisdom, no human strength, can avail.

THE PILGRIM

RAIN-WITCH

When the frightened branches
Tremble and turn,
In the lap of the marsh-land,
Near the breast of the burn,

With eyes cold as starlight,
And a gray song of pain,
She comes, swinging fire-whips:
The Witch of the Rain.

Her blows falling faster,
Each tree and bush cowers,
As she whistles a ditty
On the fate of the flowers.

And only the marsh-hawk,
With a beak like a tine,
Scorns her wild anger
And her witch's whine.

But the trees in the marsh-land,
Smitten to the bone,
Bend their backs in terror,
As they weep and moan.

With whips like barbed arrows,
She flails them night long—
The poor, naked marsh-trees—
And wails her wild song.

J. CORSON MILLER

Literature

The Romance of Catholic Norway

FRANCIS TALBOT, S.J.

IT is with some reluctance that one sets himself down to a serious reading of "Kristin Lavransdatter," the trilogy of fourteenth century Norway by Sigrid Undset. These three large volumes of small print are not such as woo the casual reader strongly. The pages are sprinkled with strange-looking names and exotic words. The story deals with a forgotten culture in a land that never has seemed to arouse much sentiment or emotion in the American people.

Though reluctantly begun, the trilogy is reluctantly finished. It is a novel that is epic in the sweep and the intensity of its emotions; it is an historical document that is masterly in its fidelity to detail; it is a sermon that is persuasively eloquent in its appeal for a return to the lost Faith of mediæval Norway. Small wonder it is that the novel has created such a sensation in Norway itself and has been so highly acclaimed by the literati of Europe. In England, it has been recognized as one of the most significant literary productions of the century and in this country it is making a deep impression on thoughtful critics.

"Kristin Lavransdatter" is not an historical novel in the usual sense. Its characters are not personages who have actually lived and its action is not based upon the political or communal events that are recorded in a nation's annals. It is historical in that it re-creates the civilization of an era and a people by chronicling with minutest detail the fortunes of a typical family. It is a domestic saga and it is, above all, the life-story of women and a woman. Kristin, the daughter of Lavrans, passes her span of years in the environment of fourteenth century Norway, but her soul is as modern and as ancient as the human race.

In "The Bridal Wreath," Kristin is introduced as a flaxen-haired child of seven, the idol of her father, Lavrans, but strangely regarded by her mother Ragnfrid. She grew up amid the manorial surroundings of Jörundgaard until, in her fifteenth year, she was betrothed to Simon Andresson. She accepted him, as the dutiful child of those days would, but she had no great affection for him. Before the betrothal-feast, she was sent for a year to live in the convent of Nonnesetter. There the exaltation and the debasement of her life began through a chance meeting with Erlend Nikalousson. Despite her betrothal to Simon, she pledged herself most sacredly and most infamously to Erlend, whose character and reputation were none of the best. With the opposition to the marriage overcome, Kristin and Erlend were wedded with a pomp that caused the countryside to marvel. Kristin, however, enjoyed it little for her conscience was harried by the realization of her secret sin with Erlend that

"The Bridal Wreath." "The Mistress of Husaby." "The Cross." By Sigrid Undset. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.00 each.

made the pomp a mockery and by the remorse over the suicide of Eline, her rival, for which she and Erlend were partly responsible.

The second volume, "The Mistress of Husaby," depicts the life of Kristin as wife and mother. She has progressed beyond the stage of passionate lover and she experiences the harvest of sin. The public penance is crude and cruel, the conflicts in her soul are bitter, the disillusionment with her husband is complete, and the drain on her energies by the birth and care of her seven sons no less than by the management of her home and lands is devastating. In this middle volume of the trilogy, there is gloom concentrated and sadness magnified.

Nor are the shadows lightened in the third volume, "The Cross," nor does the character of Kristin grow in loveliness. No longer is she the exquisite girl or the exalted lover or the gentle mother. Bittered and disillusioned, she has grown into a scolding shrew. She has driven Erlend from her, she has scandalized the retainers and the villagers by her ungovernable moods, and she must witness the dispersion of her seven sons and the mastery of a reputed daughter-in-law in her home. At the end, with her father and Erlend and Simon, who remained her loyal friend despite her rejection of him, all dead, she retired among the nuns of Nonnesetter. And there, where her first fall had been, she offers her life in the exercise of an heroic act of charity.

Throughout these three volumes, the soul story of Kristin is the scarlet thread that binds the incidents into a novel. It is the oldest story in the world, set in a mediæval homestead of the North, having its counterpart in uncounted homes of today. It is the eternal drama of the seven ages of woman, of the pilgrim's progress of frenzied passion, sin, retribution, repentance, disillusionment, remorse, bitterness and abandonment. It is a symbol of life as well as a document of realistic living. Its tremendously vital theme is worked out on the grand scale of an enduring classic.

Nevertheless, there are passages in the volumes that cannot but shock those who are scandalized by the sins of frail humanity and who believe that these sins and the secracies of sex should never be so much as mentioned in print. Mrs. Undset is brazenly frank, and many times ugly, in naming things in their meanest terms. She uses no reticence in describing experiences that are not the subject of polite conversation. She offers meat that is strong, and even rancid; for that reason, it is recommended that only those who are of an age and a moral health to stomach them, should partake. In evaluating these novels on the score of their plain portrayals, it must be remembered that Mrs. Undset was writing primarily for her Norwegian countrymen and that she was treating of an age that was not squeamish about the surface amenities of life.

Apart from these crudities that are objectionable to the American Catholic mind, there are features that must appeal strongly to those of our Faith in this country. Mrs. Undset has effected a glowing re-creation of the medieval

Church. For her own countrymen, she has turned their eyes back beyond the introduction of Lutheranism to the time when all men of Norway were faithful children of the universal father. She has reconstructed the services in the minsters and the village churches, she has thrown open the doors of the convents and the monasteries and shown them to be places where charity and piety flourished, she has looked into the souls of the people and made manifest the soothing and the chastening effect of the true religion upon them. Not a word nor an action but has as background the influence of Catholic teaching.

It is true the medieval Norwegians, though Catholics, were not all saints. But it is equally true that because they were Catholics they had open to them the paths of sanctity. There were scandals in the Church and out of it; these are not concealed nor are they exaggerated beyond their due proportion, as they are, for example, by Sabatini. With the skill of a romancer and the accuracy of an historian, Mrs. Undset has unfolded the glory of Norway's medieval Catholicism and has pointed the attention of her people to the ideals that inspired their forefathers, to the mystic influences that vivified them, to the devotions and the liturgy and sacraments that consoled them, to the doctrine and the morality that elevated them above their cruder nature.

Through all of Norway at the present time, scarcely more than 2,500 of the population of more than two millions and a half are Catholic. This group, small but combative, is championed by Lars Eskeland, the foremost educator by the testimony of all Norway, and Sigrid Undset, the foremost novelist by the testimony not only of all Norway but of Europe. Both of these are converts and both, in their respective media, are the modern apostles to their countrymen.

In particular, Mrs. Undset's influence is paramount. Her father, Ingvald Undset, was the best known archeological scholar of Norway. His researches into Norse antiquities led him into long periods of study in the Vatican archives and into investigations of the Catholic history of his country. In this work, Sigrid was his pupil and his collaborator. She made herself familiar with the older customs and the ancient faith, she meditated seriously upon the counter-claims of the medieval Church and the Lutheran compromise. And as she continued her work of historical erudition after the death of her father, she grew more and more convinced of the truth of the Catholic Church. In 1907, at the age of twenty-five, Mrs. Undset attracted some attention by her fictional writings. Her books of this period, mostly modern in scene, are unconvincing and are objectionably crude in their realism. But some time before 1920, she was inspired to combine her historical erudition with her creative impulses and thus she began her trilogy of *Kristin Lavransdatter*. And with the writing of this tremendous work of piety and of scholarship she has attained two triumphs, the lesser of which is a romantic masterpiece and the greater is that she herself has found the light of Faith and has been received into the Church of her forebears.

REVIEWS

St. Francis of Assisi: 1226-1926. Essays in Commemoration. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.50.

If any further proof were needed of the extent to which the Poor Man of Assisi has conquered the world, it would be furnished by this collection of eleven essays, each by a recognized scholar, on specific phases of Franciscan studies. Here is an abundance of accurate scholarship and an abounding enthusiasm and a tacit—and therefore all the more reverential—reverence; but the dominant impression of the book as a whole is the vast scope of the unifying Franciscan idea in this very busy, very troubled and very complex world. Dr. Paul Sabatier, in his preface, printed in French, pays a tribute to the two scholarly essays by Professor Edmund G. Gardner, and indeed those essays are the high places of the volume. He discusses "St. Francis and Dante" and "The 'Little Flowers' of St. Francis," and in both papers reveals that learning which is sane and humble and which touches nothing that it does not adorn. The former essay is a genuine contribution to Dante literature, for Dr. Gardner shows the Franciscan influence, not merely in the *Paradiso*, but in unsuspected corners of the other parts of the great trilogy and in Dante's whole conception of poetry and of life. Space allows us but a word for the other chapters. Tancred Borenius dwells upon the influence of St. Francis on art, and Walter Seton on "The Rediscovery of St. Francis" by the modern world. Several episodes in the life of the Saint are considered by Mrs. Arthur Strong in "St. Francis in Rome," by Walter Seton in "The Last Two Years," and by Harold E. Goad who gives an excellent outline of what he calls the "dilemma" of St. Francis—the claims of the contemplative and the active life—and the resulting occurrences in Franciscan history. Mr. Goad has considered this matter in greater detail in his "Franciscan Italy." Evelyn Underhill, who has written much and in the main wisely averse to mysticism, contributes a stimulating paper on Jacapone da Todi and the Blessed Angela of Foligno. The beginnings of the Franciscans at Oxford are traced by A. G. Little, and the bibliographical sources of the life of St. Francis are adjudicated by F. C. Burkitt. Camillo Pellizzi supplies a paper entitled "Franciscan Thought and Modern Philosophy" which is readable and judicious but which contains little about modern philosophy and nothing at all about Franciscan thought.

B. L.

Letters to a Doubter. By PAUL CLAUDEL. Translated from the French by HENRY LONGAN STUART. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.50.

Here is a splendid volume to put into the way of skeptical youth struggling in our modern irreligious maelstrom. It is the cry of one of themselves asking for "Peace!" and the answer to it coming through the brilliant, sympathetic and encouraging pen of one of France's outstanding Catholic laymen, at present Ambassador from that country to our United States. In February, 1907, Jacques Rivière, brilliant and just out of his 'teens, made bold to address Claudel, then his literary idol, to beg light and strength and comfort in a spiritual crisis through which he was passing. Reared a Catholic, the godless university atmosphere in which his adolescence was thrown had early robbed him of his Faith. He was a restless, despairing drifter and he yearned to share the serenity, the strength, the confidence, the joy which Claudel's writings evidenced were his. Well might the boy's extravagant request have been tossed into the wastebasket. But the distinguished French Consul at Tien-Tsin was too big for that. He himself had been through the temptation of his young countryman; he could understand and sympathize. A correspondence began that lasted until Rivière's untimely death two years ago. The present volume includes the letters, though not all, that passed between them during the ten years the struggle was on and until Claudel wrote to congratulate him on his return to the sacraments.

On both sides the letters are very human documents. The young doubter writes his inmost thoughts and difficulties and thoroughly unbars his character, poignant though the process is. Claudel meets him kindly, patiently, but firmly. He takes him to his heart, advises him, instructs him, spurs him on. Fighting for a soul, his pen is steeped with a holy zeal. The letters are neither theological disquisitions nor pious tracts and while the purpose that began them is never lost sight of there are pleasant excursions into the realm of philosophy and literature, and domestic "asides" that add to their charm. They will be profitably read and enjoyed not merely by young people of Rivière's type but by every Catholic layman who with Claudel appreciates his Faith and longs to know how he may share it with others.

W. I. L.

Recent Revelations of European Diplomacy. By G. P. Gooch. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.00.

Ignoring the military, economic and social history of the World War, Professor Gooch in his latest book has confined himself to summarizing the testimony and arguments of authoritative writers, where these writers touch the diplomatic history of that worldwide struggle. Somewhat of a bibliography, it does more than merely mention the books and summarize their contents. Professor Gooch does not hesitate to express his own views on books, persons and events. His studies of character, his interpretation of policy enliven otherwise heavy reading. He has confined himself to publications subsequent to the outbreak of the World War, illustrating the period from the accession of the Kaiser to the Treaty of Versailles. He gives each of the great countries engaged in the war a chapter. Most readers will find his chapter on Germany most illuminating, for with the loss of the war and an upset of form of government, came the opening of her archives and a frank discussion among her own people and others of the causes of the imperial catastrophe. Professor Gooch's analysis of the causes of the war seems dispassionate and fairly complete. To students and especially to teachers of history whose field is this tragic period of the world's history, "Recent Revelations of European Diplomacy" will serve as a guide and interpreter.

D. L. McC.

The Pageant of America: Builders of the Republic. Volume VIII. By FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG. New Haven: Yale University Press.

The Pageant of America: The American Spirit in Art. Volume XII. By FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR., CHARLES RUFUS MOREY AND WILLIAM JAMES HENDERSON. New Haven: Yale University Press.

The five previously issued volumes of this admirably conceived and splendidly executed picture-panorama of American history and achievement have already been favorably noted in this Review. The publishers are to be congratulated that these two latest volumes are not inferior to their predecessors either in content or in format. Professor Ogg's narrative centers about those great statesmen around whom the various political movements that mark our national development revolve. They are the builders of the Republic who have inspired and directed its principles of government. In the medium of the picture gallery their story is vividly recounted. Space-limitation will necessarily excuse omissions of men and events to which readers interested in certain sections of the country or in certain historical periods may be partial. In general the selection from the wealth of material at hand has been made wisely. The introduction of a large number of significant cartoons and caricatures was a felicitous move that adds considerably to the colorfulness of the story. Because American artistic achievements are less well known than the nation's accomplishments in the realms of politics, science and industry, probably "The American Spirit in Art" will eventually prove one of the most popular volumes of the "Pageant." Young though the Republic

is it has not been without distinguished contributors to painting, sculpture, music and the graphic arts. To many the story of what Americans have done in these fields will be a startling revelation. The water-color frontispiece of this volume is "The Muse of Painting" from the brush of the distinguished Catholic artist John La Farge who did so much to link up American art with that of the great European past and to raise the professional standard of the American artist.

W. I. L.

The Main Stream. By STUART SHERMAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

The critical vagaries of the late editor of the New York *Herald-Tribune's* "Books" have been collected in this volume of strong and forceful conversational-criticisms. Mr. Sherman's insight is matched only by his cleverness of expression. He was a wide reader, one who, when reviewing a book, generally took into consideration the entire output of a writer. In this collection, which may be placed on the shelf with his "Critical Woodcuts," he presents full length portraits as well as tiny, clear, snapshots of a varied set of authors: of Mrs. Wharton, who has made "pretty clothes for the passions;" of Ring Lardner, whose harsh satirical humor has long been undetected; of Mark Sullivan and Thomas Beer, historians "after a fashion;" of Lincoln as seen by Carl Sandburg; of the pleasant and fanciful Walter de la Mare; of Thomas Jefferson, Burroughs, Thoreau and Mark Twain. His essay on Anatole France wanders from one extreme of appreciation and criticism to the other. As interesting is his consideration of Dreiser, whose "American Tragedy," although "the worst written great novel in the world," yet shows promise of a finer realism yet to come from the Westerner. He looks on Dreiser as a man who, "after considerable introspection and reportorial looking in at the windows of several cities" concluded that the world "was composed of money-hungry and sex-hungry males and females;" as a writer who is victim to a "crude, jungle philosophy," a "point of view...which I consider tragic, disastrous;" as one who is not "pursuing truth, but browbeating it into the service of a preconceived thesis."

J. E. T.

Theodore Roosevelt Hero to his Valet. By JAMES E. AMOS. New York: The John Day Company. \$2.00.

No public man of recent years so caught and held the public eye as this active and forceful statesman. But so much has been written of the man and his doings that it would seem nothing worth recording in Roosevelt's life has been omitted. Yet here is an intimate story of the ex-President never told before, written by a man often at his side during the eventful years of his career, for James E. Amos was Roosevelt's butler and bodyguard for twenty years. Mr. Amos is a member of the colored race and a man of no ordinary intelligence. Working in a humble position, he interested the shrewd statesman and was rewarded with his confidence. His description of the President in the height of his power obeying implicitly his servant's polite commands seems almost ridiculous and yet it gives us an insight into the softer side of the Rough Rider's character. The "big stick" was never brought into the home life of Roosevelt. His humanness, his fairness, his disregard of money-making, his consideration of his servants, his tender devotion to his family—these homely traits of a truly great man are well pictured. There is a simplicity and honesty manifested all the way through this little book that will grip the reader. Here and there are intimate glimpses of other famous American public characters before unrevealed, though it would seem at times that Mr. Amos' loyalty to his big friend makes him a prejudiced advocate. Written in a way that appeals and about subjects that interest, this new book about Roosevelt is a real contribution to the history of our dynamic ex-President and his times.

D. L. McC.

Giants in the Earth. The Immortal Marriage. White Wind. Pilgrims. Pok O'Moonshine.

Out of the miasma of printed matter that annually comes forth from the publishers' establishments there occasionally emerges a volume startlingly free from self-consciousness, from vulgar, meretricious appeal, from pornographic literary malpractice. Such a one is "Giants in the Earth" (Harper. \$2.50), by Professor O. E. Rölvaaq. The virtue of this book, however, does not repose merely in its abstinence from the usual vices; it is found in a positive grandeur of thought, of expression and feeling. The subject itself is inspiring; pioneering and trail-blazing will never be anything else than that. The important aspect of this book, however, is that Professor Rölvaaq has been able to do complete justice to his theme. The Norse immigrants, Tönseten, Hans Olsa, Kjersti and the Solum boys, Per Hansa, his protagonist, Beret, the wife, all of them breathe and live at the touch of his pen. "Giants in the Earth" is an important book, and an American novel which can well be placed on a par and compared with "The Plutocrat. For whereas Mr. Tarkington has portrayed the American, the typical "new Roman," as he is even now emerging from his cocoon, Professor Rölvaaq, with an equal finesse of touch and buoyancy of spirit, gives us the genesis of that type in the Dakota immigrant.

In "The Immortal Marriage" (Boni and Liveright. \$2.50), Gertrude Atherton carries the reader back to Hellas at the time of her greatest glory and centers attention on Aspasia and Pericles, at that time Athens' first citizen. History long regarded Aspasia as a beautiful and intellectually-gifted hetæra who caught the fancy of Pericles; but Mrs. Atherton tries to rehabilitate the memory of the "first emancipated woman." She discovers Aspasia in Miletus, subsequently bringing her to Athens and to Pericles whose wife she becomes in the all but legal form. Her house is the first salon of Athens; herself the moving spirit of those groups which gave to Greece its glory. Occasionally the author lifts the curtain-hem concealing the darker side of Grecian culture; but she is too taken with the dazzle to linger long in the shadows. "The Immortal Marriage" ends with the death of Pericles, and on a note that Mrs. Atherton probably did not intend: that of the overpowering emptiness of pagan life when confronted by the great beyond.

Character description is far from easy. Human nature sets more than one snare in the way of the unwary chronicler. Three character types, to wit, Scotch, Irish and Polish, are analyzed by Jacob W. Clark in "White Wind" (Sears. \$2.00). Of these, the first is the most complete and the third the thinnest. To express it another way, the author is most canny when describing the canny Scot. The heart of the story is to be found in the experimental education of young Robert McTish. He is born, lives, learns and eventually wins the heart and the hand of Bridget O'Shea. So it is that the Scotch-Irish come to their own.

Ethel Mannin gave great promise in "Sounding Brass"; but she has stopped by the wayside to consider sex, and its effects on a young artist, in her new novel, "Pilgrims" (Doran. \$2.50). Where the author considers the soul of Louis Van Roon in regard to his burning desire to paint, she draws a splendid "portrait of an artist"; but where she goes afield to regard his other burning desires, fanned by life in the Paris Latin Quarter—intriguing scene for all young novelists—she falls heavily into cheap news writing.

Satire of the lightest texture is carried through nearly three hundred pages in "Pok O'Moonshine" (Dodd, Mead. \$2.00), in which Albert F. Wilson whimsically recounts the adventurings of a Christopher Copperstone. Underlying the persiflage, Mr. Wilson proffers many nuggets of sound philosophy. His many references to persons unknown to the average reader are somewhat disconcerting, and a too-involved badinage tends to beget confusion. However, the weary vacationist who seeks something light and airy to while away a dull hour will find the book to his liking.

Twilight Sleep. Islanders. Moonraker. Midsummer Music. The Amazing Chance. Bold Bendigo.

Some of Edith Wharton's admirers have expressed the fear that her latest novel, "Twilight Sleep" (Appleton. \$2.50), is an inartistic abandonment of her former office of telling what ought to be known about well-bred people in order to describe the vagaries of the new war-made rich. Perhaps, the reason is that the former well-bred have sadly changed. The list of her dinner party, for instance, rivaled a cross-word puzzle in its melange of divorcees. Mrs. Wharton is fantastic in supposing that the Cardinal from Rome could be cajoled into any such company as she sets for him. Also, in her idea of the heroine desiring to enter "a convent where nobody believes in anything." Recent lady novelists do not seem happy in their references to convents, witness Edna Ferber.

Those who, in the surging sea about them, find themselves marooned, cut off from the big things and condemned to narrow and obscure sacrifice, give title to "Islanders" (Macmillan. \$2.50), by Helen Hull. Ellen Dacey was preeminently an islander. The men folk on the farm, even her lover, listened to the siren call of California gold and departed, leaving her practically alone to wring a scanty livelihood out of a stony soil. So it was all her life, and the one bright spot in it was the love she bore her niece Ann, who, later on, was to profit from the wisdom her dour old aunt had accumulated in those years of devotion and self-forgetfulness. In spite of her New England hardness, Ellen is a good sort, a likeable character. As for the others, they simply do not count except in so far as they serve to bring out her sterling qualities.

F. Tennyson Jesse, grandniece to Alfred, has fallen heir to some of the genius of the family. "Moonraker" (Knopf. \$2.50), has for its sub-title, "The Female Pirate and Her Friends"; this is the gist of the story in a nut-shell. It is a real pirate story, with something of a classical flavor. The pathetic, yet noble picture of Toussaint l'Ouverture, the base betrayal of San Domingo's savior, are so well depicted that the heart aches when the "Heros" sails away. As all good pirate yarns should, the narrative ends in a blaze of glory.

The latest effusion of Stephen Graham, "Midsummer Music" (Doran. \$2.50), is a high-priced and poor sort of story, parts of which might have been edifyingly omitted. When Felix Morrison, writer and litterateur, decided to go to Dalmatia to have peace and quiet leisure for his literary labors, he failed to reckon with the witchery of Dalmatian nights and Dalmatian music, and the alluring naïveté of Kastelli Slavitsa. Needless to say, Felix does precious little literary work in Dalmatia. He would have fared better in the Hebrides and thither Stephen Graham should have sent him.

Patricia Wentworth offers an interesting and rather unusual plot in "The Amazing Chance" (Lippincott. \$2.00). The two Laydons, Jim and Jack, love the same girl, Evelyn Prothero. To everybody's surprise, Evelyn marries Jim. Then comes the World War, and both Jim and Jack enlist. They disappear entirely. Ten years elapse, and one of them returns. Is he Jim or is he Jack? Herein lies the mystery and the reader, with rather bewildering sympathy, follows Evelyn in her distressing efforts to solve the enigma of whether or not she is a widow. The solution is a happy one.

A poor imitation of Jeffrey Farnol is offered by Paul Herring in "Bold Bendigo" (Lippincott. \$2.00). The novel concerns itself with the career of a post-Regency pugilist who, as the author has drawn him, emerges with the maximum of brawn and the minimum of intelligence. The story is ill-conceived and ill-written; its "human interest" is injected, it seems, as an afterthought. The characters are unnatural and repeatedly grate on the reader's sensibilities. A great portion of such faults as the lack of intelligence and of technique, might be forgiven, if only Mr. Herring had written with Mr. Farnol's *savoir faire*. "Bold Bendigo," however has not even this one redeeming trait.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed five hundred words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department.

Another Woman Problem

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Father Feeney's article, "The Women Who Look Like Nuns," has interested me tremendously, but there is a larger class who, decidedly, do not look like nuns, yet who interest me even more for the reason that it is the one to which, fortunately or otherwise, I myself belong. I refer to that growing class of nice girls, between twenty-five and thirty-five, who can boast of neither beaux nor husbands and are looking forward to the absence of both, if the present economic situation continues. You see—the "nice" girls are rather out of it these days because the young men they meet are not in a position to marry and are not anxious therefore to become entangled. They seek their company among girls not quite so "nice," but toward whom they cannot be made to feel any obligations beyond the evening's entertainment. That leaves the "nice" girls rather high and dry, doesn't it?

We're not "single-minded" enough for the convent and, on the other hand, we refuse to compromise our personal integrity for the sake of "what people will think." Old maids, we are doomed to be unless someone comes to our aid.

The Church finds use for everything. Might she not find use for us? We are sufficiently spiritual to recognize that moving to Greenwich Village and going in for the "Larger Life" is not for us, however effective an outlet it may seem for our non-Catholic sisters. Besides it's a bit undignified, this snatching at life as it rushes by, and we never did like buying dinners for young men.

Can some of your readers suggest a solution of our problem?
New York.

SHEILA BYRNE.

A Catholic Student Conference

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I just finished reading Mr. Hartnett's article, "A Catholic Student Conference on Religion," in AMERICA for June 11. To say that I was inspired, fascinated and thrilled would be putting it mildly.

Verily, this is the day of sweet intrepid youth! I like to think that what Lindbergh is to aviation, that will this Conference be to the future student movement. Just as Lindbergh soared high above the mighty green monster and conquered it, this Conference bids fair to blaze the way, its spirit of joyous idealism and practical work soars high above the turbulent sea of the present-day so-called student movement.

Onward, Chicago Catholic students, we are proud of you! May the day be not far off when you will gather to your ranks the Catholic students of the nation in a vast army for the cause of Christ the King!

Cincinnati.

ANN B. MENTINK.

The Georgetown Anthology

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the June 4 issue of AMERICA there appeared a letter from T. F. M., of Brooklyn, in which your correspondent very courteously reproached the editors of "The Georgetown Anthology" for omitting from their collection the earliest American Catholic poem in English. This poem, "A Journey from Patapsco to Annapolis," was composed by one Reverend John Lewis, S.J., who according to T. F. M., was one of the founders of Georgetown University.

Up to the time that I read this letter I knew nothing whatever of the personal history of Father Lewis and had never heard of the poem in question.

From its very conception "The Georgetown Anthology" was

supposed to be a volume of verses written by Georgetown students and alumni. To this end even the works of persons holding honorary degrees from the University were withheld unless these writers had some strong affiliation with the old College or unless the pieces were composed expressly for the student publications. "What is Real Good?" by John Boyle O'Reilly, Ph.D., '89, comes under this latter classification. William Rose Benét, author of "The Graduation," a poem which expresses the true spirit of Georgetown as well as anything of Thomas Walsh or Condé B. Pallen, is the only man represented in the Anthology who was never directly connected with Georgetown.

Neither Mr. Ruby, my collaborator in compiling and editing the works of the Blue and Gray bards, nor myself ever gave serious thought to searching out effusions which antedated the entrance of William Gaston in 1790; nor did we think to include the writings of Martin Tehan, S.J., a scholastic at the College in 1850, or those of Fathers Chetwood and Doyle, now professors at the University.

Although we had hoped to make our collection as comprehensive as possible, we never for one moment thought that we would be able to make it all-inclusive; for if we took but one selection from the efforts of one quarter of Georgetown's poets we would have a volume whose size would prohibit publication and general distribution. Realizing this, we sought to give the sons of Georgetown a neat, interesting, readable book by using only selections which are widely known, brief, for the most part, and of proven merit. This policy made us forfeit "The Feast of Thalarchus," Pallen's excellent but rather lengthy dramatic composition.

As we explained in our preface, time has robbed us of the records of many of the earlier poets; and this is what, in all probability, happened to Father Lewis' piece. For this same reason we were obliged to go to press without "Ugolino" by Peter Casanova Howle and various verses by Ludim Barby, Charles Borromeo Kenny and others who took their degrees antecedently to the Civil War.

Such a volume as ours could not do more than scratch the real surface of Georgetown poetry, although we hope that the pieces included were of the best composed by our older brothers of the first century and a half of Georgetown's existence.

Both Mr. Ruby and myself have high hope of producing a second "Georgetown Anthology" within the decade. Such suggestions as that made by T. F. M. will stand us in good stead when we actually commence work on the new volume.

Washington.

AL. PHILIP KANE.

Priests and Questionnaires

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Will you be kind enough to allow me to reply to J. M.'s communication which appears in the issue of AMERICA for June 11?

I am well aware that priests are not teachers' agencies, nor do I "expect a pastor to accede to demands of every salesman or investigator." I humbly submit I am not a salesman, though for the time being I was an investigator of a matter vitally important to Catholic interests.

I do not think it unreasonable to expect that priests should answer questionnaires, especially printed ones sent out under the direction of a Bishop in an effort to secure information upon which legislation, protective of Catholic interests, might be based. Surely it is not unreasonable to expect that priests should take enough interest in the protection of the rights of Catholics to answer a communication which reduced the labor of replying to an irreducible minimum. In this particular case a contrast between the indifference and lack of interest displayed by the priests and the interest shown by non-Catholics to whom the questionnaires were sent was striking. We sometimes complain about bigotry and attacks upon our rights as Catholic citizens. Are we not partly to blame ourselves?

Springfield, Ill.

J. W. R. MAGUIRE, C.S.V.